

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

27th Year No. 49

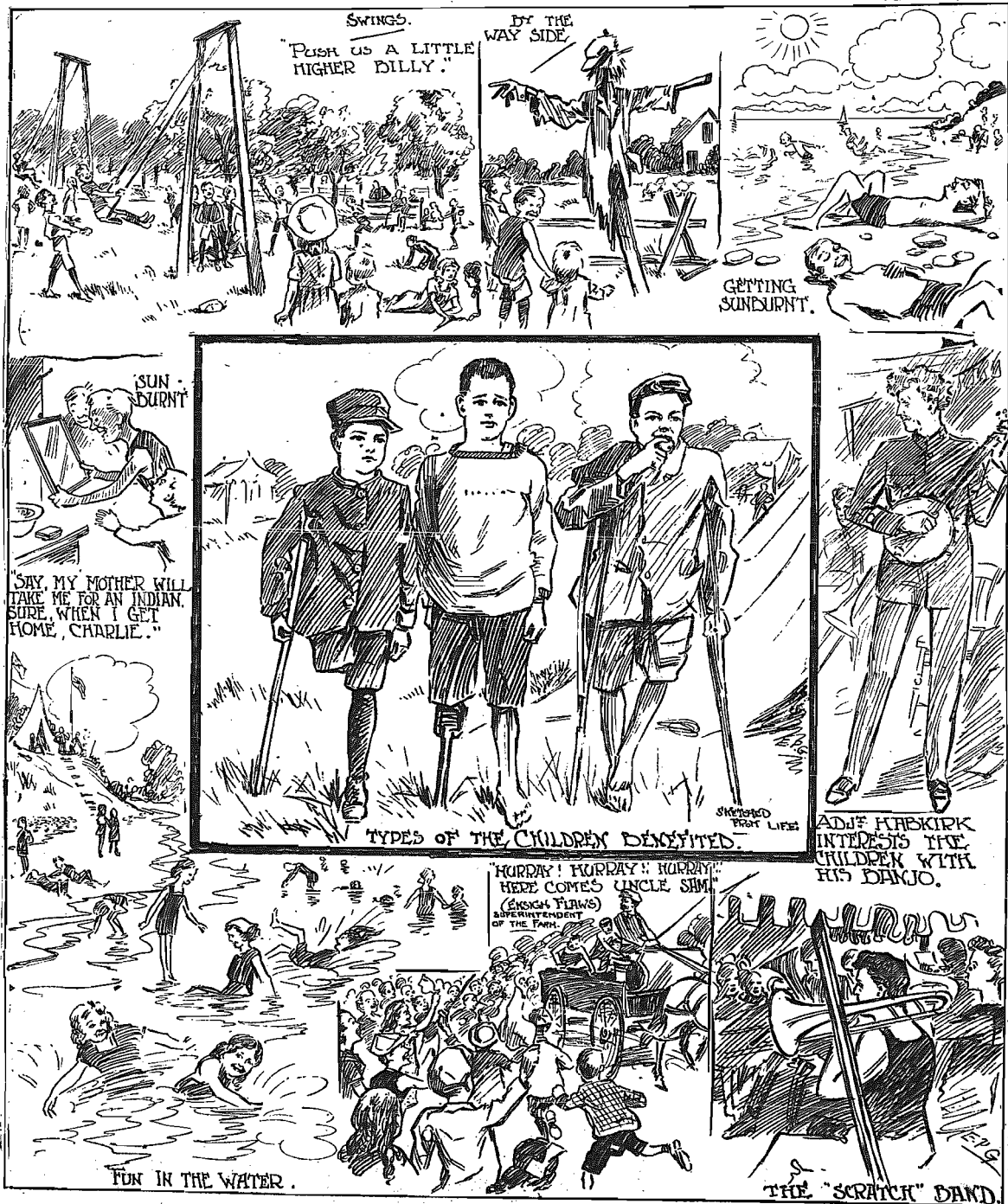
WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1911.

DAVID M. RIES
Comptroller Genl.

Price 2 Cents.

Pages from Our Artist's Sketch-Book.



How the Children enjoyed themselves at the Fresh-Air Camp.



Chinese and the Dragon.

Amusing Superstitions.

Some interesting incidents are told in connection with some extension works at Hankow, China, which reveal the power of superstition over the Chinese mind. A huge iron and steel works at Hankow became cramped for ground, being hemmed in on one side by a river, and another by the Turtle Hill.

About three years ago the company proposed tunnelling through the sacred Turtle Hill, but a great cry immediately came from all sides that if the company tunneled the hill it would disturb the sacred dragon, greatly anger him, and bring disaster upon the people.

So extensive was the protest that the company was forced to abandon the project. They then began to fill in a small marshy pond—again a wild protest, this time that the dragon washed his feet in this pond. Through strenuous efforts the company persuaded the people that it wished only a small part of the pond filled and would leave a wholesome bath-tub for the honorable Mr. Dragon. — British War Cry.

Chew! Chew! Chew!

Something about the Gum Habit.

It is reported that England is agitated over the alarming spread of gum chewing among her people. The custom has been introduced into the little island Empire by their American cousins from across the ocean. English journals are protesting against this objectionable American habit, which threatens to undermine the foundations of English respectability, and efforts are being made to prevent the importation of the vulgar commodity.

We think our English friends are to be commended for the stand they are taking regarding the gum habit. It has actually nothing to justify its existence. The chewing of gum is, from a hygienic standpoint positively

injurious, as it tends to exhaust the supply of saliva, which is required to help digestion, and also to enlarge the muscles of the jaws by bringing them into such constant action. Besides this, here are other objections which can be urged against this habit, such as the waste of money involved and the offensiveness which characterizes it.

It is most deplorable that we here in America spend more money on gum than we give to missions. The amounts invested are small, but the aggregate is astounding. Surely the time is ripe for a campaign against the gum chewing habit.—Onward.

Paddled into the Jungle.

Indian Criminals afraid of Army.

As only some five months have elapsed since the opening of the Settlement, naturally great progress cannot yet be reported. At first the people were both suspicious and frightened. Before coming to us, they had been told that we should force them to become Christians and then take their children away and send them to England.

The first settlers to arrive were a set of criminals called Borials from Arkhabad, who were brought in by the police. A motley crew indeed consisting of 16 women and 31 children, with hardly a rag to cover them. Men there were none, for the simple reason that every man belonging to them was in jail for different degrees of dacoity and theft.

To the gales this crowd was brought, but further they refused to go. Here they sat and waited and cut themselves, the children joining their mothers in the outcry. They called upon their dead mothers to see their misery and how they would die. At length they came in. But alas they only sat on the ground, and moaned and waited day and night refusing to be comforted. After four days they made a rough bamboo ladder by means of which they escaped during the night and paddled through the moat into the jungle, and as they thought, to liberty.

They were, however, found and brought back to the Fort, in two parties, on different days,

and before long they discovered that their fears were unfounded and that we were really their friends and had come to help them.

Already some progress has been made. They now call themselves Salvation people.—Indian Cry.

The Fery Ordeal of Fiji.

A Wonderful Exhibition of Endurance

A native led the way into the pit, closely followed by fourteen others. They marched round about the oven, moving slowly and leisurely, and treading firmly on the red-hot stones. The spectacle held me spell-bound. Every moment I expected my nostrils to be assailed with the smell of burning human flesh, but it was not so; and as I looked in the faces of the men strolling round in the 'lovo,' I could see no emotion whatever depicted, but merely the inscrutable impassivity of feature common to many savage races.

"Some of the bystanders threw bundles of green leaves and branches into the oven, and immediately the men inside were half hidden in the clouds of steam that arose from the hissing, boiling sap. Handkerchiefs were also thrown in, and afforded an unmistakable proof that there was "no deception."

Before these lace trifles reached the floor of the oven they were alight and almost consumed by the great heat. Presently the leader and his followers marched out of the inferno, and were promptly examined. Not only was there not the least trace of burning, but even their anklets, which were of dried fern leaves, and therefore extremely inflammable, were not so much as singed.—All the World.

Busy Princess May.

Seems Quite wrong to be idle.

A sympathetic biographer, describing the Princess' life at White Lodge, said: "Princess May is far too active to waste even an hour of her day. Indeed, it happens very often that,

when visitors call at White Lodge, she rises quietly during a pause in her animated chat with her own or her parents' friends, and says smilingly: "you will pardon me, I know, if I get my knitting and do some work while we talk. There is really so much to do, it seems quite wrong to be idle." And she comes back with a thick half-finished stocking, or some piece of plain needlework, and stitches while talking—stitches that some shivering creature may be less miserable in cold and wintry days. And often, when alone with the friends of her home circle, a sigh would force its way across her lips and she would say, with a look at the heaps of needlework before her, "Oh, if I had only half of the time given to me as a present, in addition to my own time, which so many girls waste in doing nothing at all!"—New Zealand Cry.

Why Don't You?

Some Pertinent Questions.

Some things there are you can not do,
For which you weren't intended;

But there are paths you might pursue,
Up which you've never wended;

Why try to do what can't be done,
While that which can is waiting?

The little things, not yet begun,
Might prove so compensating,
A smile for some who find it hard

To face the world of sorrow,
Ah! say, what is there to retard
That smile from you to-morrow?

A helping hand for one whose days
Are near the end, and dreary,
Ah! why not help him on his way,

And make the end more cheery?

If but a smile comes back to you,
You'll be the gainer, won't you?

So easy 'tis for you to do,
And if you can, why don't you?

—Exchange.

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. Pray for reclamation of the prodigals and drunkards.

2. Pray for all sick comrades.

3. Pray that the hearts of consecrated young women may be touched with the great need of recruits in the Women's Social Work.

4. Pray that Mrs. Bramwell Booth's visit may be a great blessing.

SUNDAY, Sept. 10.—God of Hill and Plain. (I. Kings xx.: 1-28.)

MONDAY, Sept. 11.—God Forbidden Mercy. (I. Kings xx.: 30-33.)

TUESDAY, Sept. 12.—Jezabel's Plot. (I. Kings xxi.: 1-14.)

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 13.—Blood for Blood. (I. Kings xxi.: 15-29.)

THURSDAY, Sept. 14.—What Saith the Lord? (I. Kings xxii.: 2-17.)

FRIDAY, Sept. 15.—Shot at a Venture. (I. Kings xxii.: 19-30.)

SATURDAY, Sept. 16.—The Lord's Battle. (II. Chron. xix.: 1-18.)

FACTS FOR THE HOUR.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

President Taft on Temperance.

In some 2,000 Sunday schools throughout the country there was read recently a letter from President Taft, addressed to "My dear young friends," in which he said:

"The excessive use of intoxicating liquors is the cause of a

great deal of the poverty, degradation, and crime in the world, and one who abstains from the use of such liquors avoids a dangerous temptation. Abraham Lincoln showed that he believed this, in writing out for his boy friends the pledge of total abstinence so often quoted. Each person must determine for himself the course he will take in reference to his tastes and appetites, but those who exercise self-restraint to avoid altogether the temptation of alcoholic liquor are on the safe and wiser side."

What Rum Cost One Man.

A pitiable instance of how strong drink will drag a man down was furnished a few days ago, when a Salvation Army Officer, (look to Bellevue Hospital, as a victim of nephritis, a man of fifty-five who was penniless, broken, and cast off by his family and friends. This victim

of rum is the son of one of the world's most famous men. As a young man he went abroad with his father and met royalty. After a college education he was a member of the New York Stock and Produce Exchanges. He was a member of the most exclusive clubs, and had a wife and four children. He became involved in a financial scandal, and then time in an asylum, and then dropped far down in the social scale. It was impossible for his family to aid him other than to pay his board in places where he could not obtain money or credit. He became familiar to men who frequent resorts late at night. He was often seen sweeping out saloons, doing errands, happy to acquire drink. Dishevelled, ragged unkempt, he was almost unrecognizable. Now he is apparently near a pauper's grave. And he, alas! is only one of the many thousands who go

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Islands for Inebriates.

An Account of a very Interesting Work amongst Chronic Inebriates in New Zealand.

THE DIPSOMANIAC'S "GREAT WHITE FLEET."

FROM the annual report of The Salvation Army's social work in Australasia we take the following account of an enterprise on behalf of alcoholic victims which is, we think, unique. This article will be of great interest to all who are interested in the drink question:

Pakatoa Island was a pleasant, popular seaside holiday resort, one of the beauty spots of the Hauraki Gulf, when, about three and a half years ago The Salvation Army was looking round for a bright, healthy place to open a Home for Inebriates, and secured the island. At that time it was thought that Pakatoa was in every way suitable. The work grew so fast, however, and the need for more elbow room became so apparent, that Army authorities had to look again for a larger and more suitable island. This has been secured in the purchase of Rotoroa, or better known as Ruthes Island, containing about 300 acres of beautiful hills and valleys. Some people have said that it was a shame to rob the public of two such beautiful resorts for the sake of inebriates. During the time that these two islands have been open 140 men have passed through, 93 men are at present in the Home, making a total of 233 men who have come under our care. These men have come from all classes—from the most illiterate to intelligent men of high culture, including doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, down to the humble shoeblack. Men have arrived at the Island in all stages of alcoholism, some almost too weak to walk; these have speedily recovered under the kind and able treatment of our honorary medical officer, Dr. Barter. We have also had a few sad cases, where bright minds were undermined and enfeebled with drink to such an extent that four cases had to be transferred to the mental hospital for treatment. One man who gave us a lot of trouble, used to do some very queer things. One morning, during the time that the American Fleet was visiting New Zealand, he collected a lot of the white enamel utensils used in the dormitories, took them down to the beach, got them all afloat, then called an Officer's wife to come and see the "great white fleet." It was not long before this great white fleet was safely docked, and once more harboured secure in the dormitories.

SAMPLES OF CURES EFFECTED.

It is cheering to know that quite a number who had been slaves to the drink have left the sanatorium with new ideals and aspirations to fight their old enemy, and have come through victorious. One man, who came to us in a very weak state, had been brought from the old country to fill a special position, and had been a very clever artist till drink put the break on and stopped his progress. After a term on the island he went away a new man; he has been away now over one year, and is still keeping right. Another tradesman, a well-known draper, who could not resist the seductive glass, found himself at Pakatoa, and began to think seriously of his position, with the result that he decided to let drink alone in future. He has now been away nearly two years, and is doing splendidly.

A clever workman with an artistic profession, but crippled by drink, was sent down to us for treatment. After a few months, with fresh air and careful attention on the island, he went out on probation, and has since been a complete success, doing his work with cleverness and brilliancy, which wins the admiration of all who see it. So we could go on giving case after case.

Only one death has occurred since the institution was opened: it was that of a poor old man who was sent here suffering with a tubercular throat and other troubles. He was buried on the island. We held quite an impressive little service at the grave, all the men being present.

The following description will doubtless be of particular interest:

THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN INMATE OF ROTOROA.

"This is the experiment of a generous Government, and we try to benefit a man all we can, both physically and spiritually." Staff-Captain Barnes said this to me at my first interview with him. After nearly five months' stay I can say without hesitation that this is the keynote of the treatment we receive in this Home.

I often wonder what the impressions of the newcomers are when having their first meal in the dining-room, where the spotless white of the tables and floor is only exceeded by that of the cook's uniform? In the adjacent smoke room they hear the

hum of cheerful conversation, to the accompaniment of a gramophone or some minor musical instruments. As a rule they are pretty well occupied in thinking about the length of their stay, but I have often heard the remark, "Well, this is very different to what I expected." And so it is.

The great natural beauties of the island, the smart appearance of the building, the cheerful interior, with its pretty decorations, which help to chase away despondency, and keep the mind in a healthy state, have all been described by far abler pens than mine.

Before leaving the building there is one feature which appeals to me more than any other—the verandah, which stretches nearly the whole of the front. Seen from this point of vantage the wooded flat, the bay, the channel, and the opposing island form a delightful prospect. Enjoying this view on a fine, calm day, under happier circumstances, the tendency would be to indulge in day dreams or building castles in the air. But, with an ever-present sense of exile, I think a good many of us fall to reviewing our past wasted years and lost opportunities.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

Leading from this verandah is the dining hall, a room of fine proportions. It is here we come to The Army meetings on Sundays and Wednesdays.

I should like to state here that it is my firm conviction that The Army is the only organization that can appeal to a class of men like ourselves with our particular degrading and besetting sin. I know in my own case that the scholarly theologian does not move men, but these men who stand up and give us their testimonies, have sinned and suffered as we have sinned and now are suffering, and who can better them in pointing us the way out of our troubles and leading us to that Almighty source of help and strength which will enable us to shake off this deadly yoke.

So we attend in goodly numbers. We sing heartily, and listen to the reading of the Word and the encouraging addresses.

Though never a one come to the penitent-form, these good friends may rest assured that their words sink deep down into our hearts, and that time will never efface them.

I think a good many of us become very self-centred under our present conditions, and lose sight altogether of the self-sacrifice of the Officers. Cut off from the busy world with its many absorbing interests, their lives and services are devoted, almost without relaxation, to our wants and creature comforts.

At the same time they are living examples of Christian forbearance. Needless to say, friction will always arise where discipline has to be enforced for the well-being of all. If we could only see, one and all, that in the Home, discipline and control are most essential, in order to teach us that most necessary lesson—how to be able to control ourselves when we regain our liberty.

AN EFFICIENT ORGANIZATION

Some few years since I had a protracted stay, I think I can safely say, in the pattern institution in the Old Country, and comparing that establishment with my present Home, I consider it wonderful the efficiency to which the organization at Rotoroa has already attained in so short a time. The united endeavours of the Officers have one aim only—the maximum of comfort and happiness of every man on the island.

In conclusion, this supremely happy state of affairs points to only one thing—a generous and considerate management; and although we do not come much in contact with the Manager, it is my firm belief that he takes a great interest. I may say a fatherly interest, in every man who comes under his charge.

When they leave him his greatest pleasure, satisfaction, and reward is to learn "from time to time that they are 'fighting the good fight,'" and have regained the respect and confidence of their fellowmen. Finally, who can doubt that this great and God-blessed work has passed beyond the experimental stage?

W. D. W.

In the two Island Sanatoriums in New Zealand and the two Australian Sanatoriums we have during the past year admitted 150 men and women, chiefly by court order. Ninety-six were discharged during the year, and 115 are at present in these Homes. Already the accommodation is much too small for the need and the demand.

Love is the only angel who can unfasten the doors of the dungeon of self.

Band Chal.

The Glace Bay Band has just got into new uniform. On Sunday they visited St. Joseph Hospital and rendered an agreeable musical programme to the inmates. "Songs of Heaven" and the "New England and Leeds" marches were among the pieces played. Ensign and Mrs. Meeks recently conducted the week-end services at the Corps.—T. S.

Captain and Mrs. Auld and the Cobourg Band recently visited Port Hope. The music and singing was much enjoyed by the people present, and the testimonies of the Bandsmen made a good impression. The work is advancing in this town, interest is increasing, and we are believing for a revival.—D. P. Smith.

Toronto I. Band has just welcomed Deputy Bandmaster Fuller, from Stroud, Kent. He takes solo cornet. Also Bandsman Walker, from Millum, solo horn; Bandsman Carler, from Southend, first horn. We have added a new Class A cornet and a tenor horn to the Band. They are all turning out shortly in new uniforms. Bandmaster (Captain) E. Pugnaire is leading us on.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette has the following to say of The Salvation Army band:

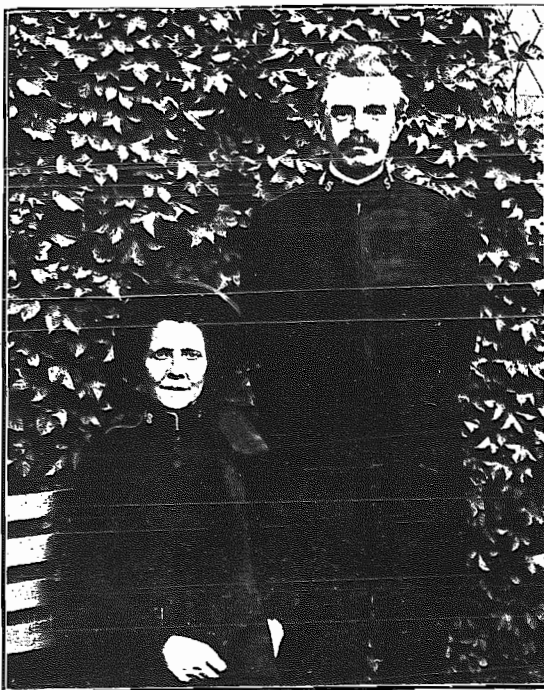
The Peterborough Band of the Salvation Army under the able leadership of Bandmaster Wm. Perver, was on Saturday and Sunday last the centre of attraction for Fenelon Falls music lovers, and especially those who like good band music. The Peterborough Band demonstrated its ability not only to supply instrumental music of a very high order, but has among its members several excellent vocalists, who contributed to the generous program that was kept going morning, afternoon, and evening and renewed on Monday morning when the Band was leaving for home. The Band is quite an interesting organization. All the members belong to The Salvation Army. The instruments were manufactured by The Salvation Army, and the Army also publishes all the selections used by the Band. There are thirty-six members, thirty of whom were at the Falls on Sunday. The instruments, a new set, cost about \$2,500. A Junior Band is being taught to play on the old instruments, which are still in good order. The city of Peterborough gives the Band a grant of \$150 annually as an encouragement. The Band does not take engagements outside of the Army and other religious denominations. The proceeds of their visit here and the other outposts are devoted to the work of the Army, minus the Bandsmen's railway fares. Nothing is allowed for the men's loss of wages by being absent from work, the men themselves losing the amount.

Mr. A. Bohn, who carried the big drum, and attracted a great deal of attention by his clever handling of the sticks, learned to play the drum in an orphan's home when six years of age. He has no rival in Canada, and probably very few anywhere. Among the other artists in the Band might be mentioned Messrs. A. Sandford, the trom-

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Visitors from London

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs Talk of the Men's Social Work in Great Britain and of Personal and Family Matters.



—Photo by Staff-Capt. Arnold.
Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs.



AFTER an absence of five years from the Land of the Maple, Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs are revisiting the scenes of their former labours. Canadians will remember the Colonel and his wife as the one-time Chief Secretaries of this Territory, throughout the length and breadth of which they are held in affectionate remembrance.

"We are very pleased to be back in Canada once more," said Mrs. Jacobs to a War Cry interviewer. "The sea voyage has acted like a tonic on the Colonel. Don't you think he is looking well?"

We agreed that he was, and asked Mrs. Jacobs if the voyage had similarly benefited her.

"I'm rather a poor sailor," was all that she would say, however. Judging from her appearance though, and the fact that she conducted four meetings on the Royal George during the trip over, we concluded that she had triumphed sufficiently over mal-de-mer to not only reap considerable benefit to herself, from the standpoint of health, but to benefit others also. Mrs. Jacobs had the oversight of a party of about fifty emigrants. The Colonel travelled on the Corsican in charge of another party of emigrants, chiefly women and children who were coming to Canada to join their husbands and fathers. He was much impressed with the way the emigrants appreciated the services rendered to them by The Salvation Army.

As the Colonel holds the im-

portant position of Chief Secretary of the men's social work in Great Britain, we asked him how the work that he represented was progressing.

"Splendidly," he replied. "The great event of the year, of course, has been the Social Congress. That was a wonderful success. It not only made a deep impression on the foreign delegates who attended, but opened the eyes of those at home, to the great opportunities that lie ahead. It has certainly given a decided impetus to the social work."

"There is a great deal to be done in helping poor people in England, is there not, Colonel?"

"Yes. It is calculated that in London alone there is a standing army of 2,000 homeless men. These poor derelicts tramp the streets of the metropolis night after night, having nowhere to lay their head. Of course when I say homeless men I do not include those in Army shelters and elevators. Those men have been found a home, a temporary one at any rate, by The Army."

"And how many men does the Army accommodate nightly—say in London only?"

"Between three and four thousand. How are they housed? Oh, we have large shelters in various parts of the city where food and beds can be obtained at prices within the range of the 'poorest of the poor.' That means, of course, a little below poor—men who eke out a scanty and precarious livelihood, in all manner of ways and think themselves fortunate if they have the price of a meal and a bed at the

end of each day. Then, of course, we have our elevators, where men are given employment at sorting paper and rags, and have a chance of rising from one grade to another as they become more useful and efficient."

"Do you succeed in permanently reforming many of the men who seek your help in this way?"

"Yes, I am happy to say that we do. There are thousands of men in England to-day who can look back on their stay in an Army elevator as the turning point in their lives. An instance?—certainly. Some time ago a poor wretched tramp was wandering about in London—hopeless and miserable. One of our scouts met him and gave him a ticket for the Free Breakfast at Blackfriars. He came, was converted at the meeting which was held after the meal, and work was found for him. He is now a manager in a large departmental store, and at the recent Social Congress his testimony stirred the huge audience in the Royal Albert Hall."

"And there are thousands of others who have been saved in like manner and are now doing well," added Mrs. Jacobs, "though perhaps the Army does not get the credit for their regeneration. You see we have to study the interests of the men. It would never do to send them out to compete in the labour market with a label attached 'Rescued by The Salvation Army.' So we strive to help them to forget their past. For that reason the Colonel has to be very careful in relating the stories of the men we have helped. If they were identified it might go against them and ruin their chance of getting on. So you will understand that we never give names and places for publication in our papers."

"A wise and humane policy. You mentioned scouts a little while ago, Colonel. What are they and what do they do?"

"Well by scouts I mean those of our workers who go along the Thames embankment every Saturday night giving away tickets to homeless and destitute men, entitling them to a free breakfast on Sunday morning at the Blackfriars Shelter. And in this connection I remember a touching little story: A poor fellow was wandering along the Thames embankment one cold winter's day—hungry and shivering. He contemplated suicide. As he drew near to one of the bridges he saw that certain kindly old gentlemen were throwing bits of bread to a flock of sea gulls that hovered about the spot. He watched the scene for some time and a feeling of envy grew up in his heart. He wished he was a gull and then perhaps someone would throw him a crust. But he was only a man—a poor, starving wretch of a human being, and no one pitied him. Just then a childish voice by his side piped up: "Poor man, you look hungry—here's some bread and butter." Looking down he saw a small girl, who was holding out a thick slice of bread and butter to him. He took it and ate it ravenously, the small maid watching him eagerly the while. "Why don't you go to the Army?" she said, "they'll help you." He took the hint and went down to the Blackfriars Shelter. He was taken in, and shortly after got

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The world and its ways

Congress of the Races.

A Universal Races Congress recently met in London, England, marking the passing of another mile-stone on the royal road of peace and progress. Representatives of all nations were present. It was more of a friendly gathering, a kind of international festival of good will than anything else; but it may have far-reaching results. The avowed object of the gathering, according to a leaflet issued in connection with the meetings, was "to discuss, in the light of science and the modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the people of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called coloured people, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding the most friendly feelings, and a heartier co-operation. On the platform at the opening gathering were representatives of great and little nations, empires, kingdoms, and republics, east and west, white, brown, black, and yellow peoples.

Surely it is a gain to the world's prospect of universal peace that people of such widely divergent ways of thought, colour, and nationality should even meet together on a common platform. The Army knows the tangible good that comes out of mere association. Bring people together, let them grasp each other's hands and look into each other's eyes, and even if there are no immediate results, you have sown "seeds of kindness" which may bear precious fruit ere many years are over.

The King's Prize.

Not long ago Toronto welcomed home one of its soldier citizens who had distinguished himself at the Bisley Rifle Ranges. Not only did Private Clifford win the King's Prize, but the Prince of Wales' as well. This is unprecedented in the history of the National Rifle Association which has been in existence over 40 years. It shows that it was not by mere chance, but by skill that Private Clifford won his laurels. When asked how he did it, he replied: "I never drink nor use tobacco, and while in camp I took good care of myself, stayed around it and practiced for the whole week."

Does not this provide a good illustration of Paul's words? "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

Unrest in Portugal.

Considerable uneasiness seems to exist in Portugal as to the movements of the Monarchist faction. In several sections of the country demonstrations have taken place hostile to the Republic, and the troops are kept under arms night and day in anticipation of an invasion. The Royalists have been enlisting adherents from among the people, and a number of soldiers have deserted from the Republican forces. Letters have also been sent to the Republican Officers, urging them to join the Royalists.

It is not considered, however, by the Government that the Republic is in any serious danger.

Labor Conditions in England.

A Montreal gentleman who recently visited England has been expressing his opinions to the press. He visited factories and farms, and studied the strike problem. As a result he believes that employees in the Old Country have certainly justification for their strikes.

At a lace factory in Nottingham the large drying room in which numbers of women and girls worked was kept at a temperature of 110 degrees. Their hours of work were from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and their wages were not enough to live upon.

The Condition of Turkey.

The condition of affairs in Turkey is causing much anxiety to those who wish to see that troubled country reach a period of settled peace. The Committee of Union and Progress after a period of excellent endeavour appears to be employing—possibly under pressure of events which are not seen upon the surface—means which savour strongly of, and which are sometimes indistinguishable from, the methods of the ancient and unpeakable regime. The assassination of editors who have been criticising the actions of the committee certainly looks very bad for the future. A Reuters telegram of recent date had to report a further assassination

suit of the fugitive. They found him hiding in a cherry tree. With the last bullet in his revolver he shot himself, and was removed in a dying condition to the hospital. That night a mob assembled, and the negro, strapped to an hospital cot, was carried four miles into the country and burnt. The greatest indignation has been aroused over the matter, and it is stated that everything possible will be done to bring the ringleaders of the mob to justice. That such an affair could happen in a Quaker community was not believed possible.

Who Owns the Air.

The growing number of air-men are forcing slowly but steadily upon public notice the question of the ownership of the air. If one considers an estate it is evident that fences, walls, and so forth are all built to lines diverging, but plumb to the earth's centre. Theoretically, therefore, it may be said in passing a house is wider at the top than at the bottom. Thus a piece of landed estate is in the form of an immense pyramid inverted and having its apex at the earth's centre and its base anywhere from the earth's surface to any given distance in the illimitable beyond, where Sirius and Canopus or any heavenly body, to say nothing of the moon, can all become conceivable trespassers.

Legally-inclined minds will ask how far precisely does the right of property extend in this pyramid either upwards into space or downwards into the earth, and where, if anywhere, does one cease to be a trespasser?

Mr. Graham White states that as the law stands at present the man that owns a piece of ground owns the air above it to the floor of heaven.

In the present experimental stage of aviation, however, the problems likely to arise over the ownership of the air will not be very serious. The British Aviation Act is the first attempt made by any country to control the right of flying. It is founded on the principle that the territorial sovereignty of the State involves aerial sovereignty. This attitude is diametrically opposed to that obtaining in most continental countries.

How the Earth Wears Away.

According to geologists, the United States is gradually sinking. There is no occasion for alarm, however, as the rate of downward progress is very slow, being only one inch in 750 years. Although this amount may appear trivial, it is stupendous when considered as a total.

The rivers of the United States carry to tidewater every year 270,000,000 tons of dissolved matter, and 513,000,000 tons of suspended matter. This total of 783,000,000 tons represents more than 350,000,000 cubic yards of face soil. If this erosive action, says the Geological Survey, had been concentrated on the Isthmus of Panama at the time of the American occupation, it would have excavated the prism for an 85-foot level canal in seventy-three days.



Lord Halsbury, Leader of the Insurgents in the House of Lords.

Lord Halsbury is now in his eighty-sixth year. He is the son of the late Mr. Stanley Giffard, barrister of the Middle Temple, and a descendant of one of the oldest families in Devon. He became Lord High Chancellor in 1888, and was created Baron Halsbury in the same year. Thirteen years later he became 1st Earl of Halsbury.

In speaking further of the wage conditions, he observed that he was on the estate of the Duke of Devonshire where 400 men were employed at a wage of fourteen shillings a week. Out of this pay the men have to provide house, rent, and living expenses, and bring up their families.

The need of a more sympathetic bond between capital and labour was the conclusion he came to. The man who is doing the work has to be recognized. Capital and labour have to be married. The employer too freethinks the workmen outside of what he quietly has no consideration for can do on the least possible wage. But he should pay at least as much attention to his men as to his horses.

of an editor who had been publishing adverse criticism. On previous occasions no arrests had been made, but in this latest case suspects have been detained, and it is to be hoped that the murder will prove not to be a political one. At the same time the Sultan is doing his utmost to pacify his turbulent provinces by diplomatic tours. One he has recently accomplished through Albania and Macedonia.

A Regrettable Affair.

The recent lynching of a negro in the town of Coatesville, Pa., shows to what lengths of lawlessness an ordinary law-abiding community may go when mob passions are aroused.

The negro had shot a policeman, and a posse started in pur-

Correspondence.

GO TO THE PEOPLE.

The Experience of Two Salvation Soldiers, and a Suggestion.

Dear Editor,—I was deeply interested by the article in this week's War Cry dealing with how to reach the places where there is no Corps, and perhaps a little personal experience, in this connection, may be of interest to you. Two years ago we moved to a small town where no Corps existed—the nearest being sixteen miles distant.

To attend meetings at that Corps was out of the question, so my wife and I made up our minds that by the help of God The Salvation Army would be represented in some way in the town. This we accomplished by always appearing in uniform at church, and all times when not engaged in our daily employment.

Before long this had its effect, and we were approached by people who had, at one time or another, been soldiers but had drifted away. Collage meetings in different places during the week and on Sunday nights followed, and many blessed times were enjoyed. Several got converted and to-day are connected with the Church.

Through the influence of the minister whose Church we attended, further opportunities for collage meetings came, and we had the privilege of proclaiming full salvation to a goodly number of people. On one occasion the weekly prayer meeting in the Church was handed over to us. To-day we look back on our eight-months' stay in that town as a bright spot in our lives. Salvationists cannot over-estimate the privilege of wearing uniform and the opportunities it puts in our way.

Now, Mr. Editor, our bands and songster brigades are being trained to a high standard of efficiency. Officers are scarce and cannot be spared for special work.

Why not train special soldiers for this class of work? Send them in bands of threes or fours or fives to carry the glad news of salvation to outlying places.

Why should not every Corps have such a brigade who could be used by the D. O. for this purpose? In every Corps almost there are men and women whose talents admirably fit them for this kind of work, and circumstances prevent them entering the field as officers. Could not this field of usefulness be opened up for such.—Yours in the fight, J. Robertson, Treasurer Temple Corps.

THREE SOULS.

1 Parliament St. Corps.—On Aug. 19 and 20 the meetings were conducted by Captain Walkinson and the Men Cadets from the Training College.

2 The Captain's Holiness lesson on "Taking Out the Stones" will long be remembered by the soldiers.

3 In the Sunday night's meeting we had the joy of seeing three precious souls kneeling at the mercy seat.

4 Lieutenant Allwood has been furloughed on while Captain Lillard was on furlough.—One Interested.

MARRIED IN HASTE

IRENE GORDON'S DISILLUSIONMENT



"You will give your consent, father?"

"Candidly, my girl, I don't like this idea. God forbid that I, your father, should try to stand in the way of your happiness. I want you to be happy. You believe that, don't you?"

"But you will give your consent to the marriage, father, won't you?"

"Well, yes, perhaps I might if you will put it back, say, for six months. Think of it! Three months ago you had not even met him for the first time. He is practically a stranger in the village. Even you only know what he's told you about himself. And how do you know he's told you the truth?"

"O father, don't talk like that! Gilbert is incapable of telling me a lie or deceiving me. It is true I have only known him for three months; it's true, too, that he's told me very little about himself or his past life. But all that makes no difference. I just feel as if I had known him for years. Besides, I love him with my whole being. Nothing that anybody could say about his past life, and nothing he could tell me about it himself, could ever make any difference to my love for him. I just can't, and I won't, live without him!"

"Yes, yes, that's all right, Irene, my child; but why this unusual haste? Why wish to be married in six weeks' time? Doesn't it strike you as being too hurried? It isn't like as if he were going abroad to work almost immediately. Surely you can wait six months."

"But if Gilbert is not going abroad, he is going back to his business in the city in seven weeks' time, and—well, that is the real reason for our haste; we want the wedding out of the way before he returns to business."

"You will give your consent, won't you, father?"

"I don't like it. Give me time to think. I'll talk the matter over with your mother. Speak to me again about it in the morning."

"Dear father! . . . Six weeks! Oh, how happy I am at the thought of it all!"

Irene Gordon, the fourth and only unmarried daughter of Isaac and Mary Gordon, was scarcely eighteen when she sprang this little surprise upon her father. She had little doubt in her mind but what her par-

ents would ultimately give their consent to this hurried marriage, for, as the youngest daughter in the family, petted and rather spoiled, she had seldom been denied anything without reason—and sometimes without reason—upon which she had seriously set her heart.

Her parents knew this. They realized, too, that it would be more dangerous to withhold their consent than to give it. They felt instinctively that they were face to face with two evils, and that the most they could do would be to choose the lesser. They belonged to that hard-working class of honest, respectable poor who, by dint of much economy and not a little self-sacrifice, had bought their own pretty little cottage, and had saved a sum of money which would, they hoped, together with what Mr. Gordon still earned as a joiner, enable them to finish their days without undue anxiety as to where the next meal was coming from. The other three daughters—Mary, Lillian and Rose—had each married into highly respectable, prosperous tradesmen's families in the village. Of the four daughters, Irene was the most graceful and the most beautiful of all. Indeed her charms—her violet-blue eyes her luxuriant auburn hair, her fresh complexion, oval face, regular, even features, her winning smile, and her artless simplicity of thought and manner—went far towards making her one of the most admired and most talked of young women in the village.

On this particular Sunday evening, fresh from a meeting with her lover, she looked prettier than ever. Her effort to gain her father's consent to the marriage on the early date suggested was supported by an enthusiasm that could not and would not take "No" for an an-

swer. And so it all happened as she had planned, or rather as her lover had planned, and five weeks later the wedding she had dreamed about, the wedding that was to set the whole village talking, had taken place.

To Irene Gordon, now Mrs. Gilbert Darkington, the five months that followed were at least as bright and as happy, or nearly so, as she had expected them to be. She had, it is true, discovered one or two things about Gilbert's life which she had not even thought existed. She had learned, for instance, that he sometimes gambled, that he was far too fond of the glass, and that his business habits were irregular and uncertain. There were other things, too, in his life which she had scarcely imagined. Against these, however, she balanced the fact, to her the all-important fact, of their love for each other. To her it seemed as if nothing else really would or could matter. Trusting and unsuspecting, she had staked everything on love—her love for Gilbert Darkington.

With Darkington the case was different. Relying upon his handsome appearance and his strength, he had deliberately set out to win the affections of the girl he had met by chance, and whose beauty had so suddenly and powerfully appealed to him. And he had succeeded.

How long this phase of Irene's married life might have gone on peacefully and undisturbed, it is difficult to say, had not an event happened which was nothing short of a catastrophe, and which plunged Irene into a hell of misery. It happened like this. One morning in the sixth month of her marriage with Gilbert Darkington, news came to Irene of her husband's arrest for committing several crimes, one of which was bigamy.

At first Irene would not believe this report, but later, when the story of Darkington's former marriage was unfolded in a police-court by his real wife, whom he had so basely deserted twelve months before, and who had brought this charge against him, the awful truth of her position in the world flashed upon her. She saw herself to be the victim of villainous treachery.

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

... IMPORTANT ORDER ...

1. In a short time the Electors of the Dominion will be called upon to choose representatives for Parliament.

2. It is, therefore, the duty of all Salvationists to pray that only those may be chosen for the Legislature who will so discharge their obligations as to best meet the moral and social needs of the people, promote the glory of God, the cause of peace, and the highest prosperity of all classes in the nation.

3. It must be a source of sorrow that the election of our law-makers should so often be marred by the employment of objectionable methods and the display of such a spirit of uncharitable controversy and recrimination as to make it impossible for them to take any part whatever in the public discussion of the questions submitted to the judgment of the people.

4. Salvation Soldiers of all grades should therefore beware of these and other dangers, and watch and pray against that spirit of political warfare which creates barriers calculated seriously to interfere with the accomplishment of their greater business and higher calling—namely, the salvation of the people through the love of Christ.

5. Salvation Soldiers who are qualified to vote are, of course, free to exercise their prerogative according to the dictates of their own judgment after earnest prayer to God for guidance.

6. It is contrary to "Orders and Regulations," and to the Constitution of The Army, to permit Halls, Bands, Banners, or other property belonging to The Army, to be used for political purposes of any kind.

(Signed.) DAVID M. REES,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
August 4th, 1911.

NEW CITADEL AT BROCKVILLE

On Sunday, Aug. 13th, we welcomed into our midst five comrades from the Old Land. Bro. and Sister Mrs. Edwards and two daughters (late of Newton Heath), also a brother-in-law who was converted while crossing the ocean through the influence of Salvation Army meetings held on board ship. Hal-lelujah!

An August 19th the dear old Army flag floated before the breeze from the roof of our new Citadel for the first time. We are in for victory.

Friday was our Juniors' picnic. We had a grand drive out to Blair's Farm, where we had a fine time in the sugar bush until a storm came on and we had to hustle for shelter. After which we drove home, and through the efforts of Captain Ruston and the J. S. Treasurer we had a splendid supper in the Hall.

Sunday, August 20, splendid meetings all day conducted by Captain Ruston. At night we rejoiced over three in the fountain.—A. W.

Major Turpin, of the Trade Department, has just received a large shipment of books suitable for Y. P. prizes. He is anticipating a large number of orders for the Christmas season.

PERFECT LOVE.

An Article on Sanctification That Lovers of Holiness Will Greatly Enjoy.

IN the New Testament there are two words for love. One is philos, which is the word used to express natural human affection. This exists in greater or less degree throughout the entire animal kingdom, including all natural affections of human nature apart from Divine grace. The other word, agape, is invariably used to express a Divine affection, imparted to the soul by the Holy Ghost. Natural love existed within us before we were regenerated, as it exists in human nature generally; but of Divine love we had none until we were born into the kingdom of God. The love of God was then "shed abroad in our hearts," and by this alone can we claim the title of children of God, as partakers of His nature. "The love of God here means not our love to God, nor exactly the sense of God's love to us, but God's love itself for us." "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," not manifested or demonstrated, but bestowed, imparted, given to us as a gift. What a wonderful truth this is, that God's love for us shall be in us, and become our love to others. Was this not what our Lord asked for when He prayed, "that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them?" The truth declared is that God gives us His love to love with; He has made His love our property, absolutely given it to us, so that it is now ours. Who can tell all that this means? Inspiration itself can only find relief in adoring gratitude. "Behold what manner of love."

Perhaps we shall now better understand the new commandment to love "as I have loved you," on Calvary we see love stronger than death. There we learn what love really is, and what it can do. When that same love drives our chariot wheels, we shall be ready to do as He did. It is where sacrifice begins that the proof of love begins. We must not offer, either to God or man, what costs nothing. The noblest thing in God's world is a lavished life. Carnal selfish men cannot understand the service and sacrifice of those "Who spend their lives for others,"

With no ends of their own." But when our love is in kind like His, we cannot help doing it. Our "must" then is like the "must" of God. God must give His love whether souls accept it or not. Let the love of Christ, the most sublime of all motives, and the glory of Christ, the most sublime of all ends, become the ruling principle of action, and who can help living magnanimously for man and for God?

More of Christ's love in our hearts means always increased sympathy with His dominant passion, the salvation of the lost. There is a grave mistake somewhere when a person imagines that he has mounted up to the plane of the "higher life," and feels no quickened impulse towards those who are perishing in their sins around him. Zeal in soul-winning is only love on

fire. Give us more of the hidden fire, and all the rest will follow.

In serving the poor, the suffering, and the lost, we serve Him, and nothing is counted too good for Him by those who are filled with His sanctifying love. We prove our love to Christ by what we do for our fellow-creatures. Love cannot treat its Lord meanly. She will not give Him the remnant, the drift, and the dregs of life. Giving of our surplus is no proof of love at all. She always offers the most that is possible, and the best. The one motive that has the power to lift us out of self, and to exalt life to its highest and loftiest phase, is a heart brimful of love to Christ. "For Christ's sake." These three little words are the touch-stone of love.

Jeremy Taylor represents Ivo as going on an embassy to St. Louis, and meeting a strange woman, who had fire in one hand and water in the other. He asked what these strange symbols meant, and she replied: "With fire I shall burn up heaven, and with water quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without incentives, either of hope or fear, for His own sake." This is what Perfect Love does. If there were no heaven, and if there were no hell, hearts filled with the love of God would serve Him just the same. Love service is the spontaneous, glad offering of a grateful heart, like that of the woman who broke the box of ointment and poured it on the head of Christ. It is not clearer views of our duty to God that will win us over to new obedience; but as the love of Jesus floods our souls, a deeper, fuller, and ever augmenting stream, the life of duty becomes transformed into a life of liberty and delight.

"Perfect love casteth out fear." The two words "love" and "fear," placed in contrast in this Scripture, represent the two different motives that may actuate us in Christian service. Some serve from love, as Jacob did in the pastures of Laban; and some from fear, like the Hebrews in the brickfields of Egypt. Mrs. Pearsall Smith puts the difference well; it is simply the difference between "may I" and "must I," between enjoyment and endurance. In law service we do our duty, but too often as the unwilling schoolboy creeps off to school; but in love service the will is won, and we do our work not like the slave under the lash, but with eagerness and joy.

How sluggishly the men in yonder workshop are using their tools; how they weary for the hour of dismissal to strike! But after they have rushed away home, you might have seen one youth remaining, singing at his work; and when you asked the reason, he sweetly said: "Those others are hirelings, paid by the hour, but I have an interest in the business; it is my father's business, and a loving father he has been to me." Alas, how many Christians forget that they are sons, and work for wages as hirelings do. Perhaps in most Christians the two motives exist together, the pure gold of love is

mingled with the dross of fear in service; but when our love is "made perfect," our will elects God's will with unspeakable gladness. We shall keep the law then, not from dread of its penalties, but from love for the law itself, and the Lawgiver. Filled with Divine love, we love what God loves, and in this condition the will of God is no longer as a yoke upon the neck; Christ's service is perfect freedom. Faber sings:

"He hath breathed into my heart

A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by the loss be free."

This is not freedom from law; that would be license. Nor is it being under law; that would be bondage. It is being inlawed, God putting the law into our love, so that we keep it from our very love of it, by a glad assent as naturally as water runs downhill. Before we reach this experience we are often like a man carrying a burden up-hill, but when we reach it the burden and the hill suddenly disappear, and we can joyfully appropriate the words of the Son of God, and say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, Thy law is within my heart."

The old Covenant was an outside, coercive force, a law written in stone. The new Covenant is written in the heart, rectifying and inspiring all the springs of action. God fulfills the promise of the new Covenant, "I will put My law into your hearts," when His love is so fully shed abroad in the heart of the believer as to effect a complete release from the fear of the law as a motive to obedience.

Never until the love of God becomes the all-absorbing, all-controlling, dominating principle of life, can we understand the seeming contradiction in Psalm cxvi, 48. "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant; I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid; Thou hast loosed my bonds." But when every faculty is energized, every capacity filled, and the whole nature pervaded with this transcendent gift, the bondage, the irksomeness, the subtle legalism which more or less characterize the service of incipient believers, are entirely removed. The yoke of Christ no longer chafes, the last trace of servile feeling is gone, and the will of God becomes our free, spontaneous, delightful choice. We can sing then, not as mere poetic fancy, but as a glorious experimental reality:

"I worship Thee, sweet will of God,

And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more."

But do you ask "How am I to enter into this blessed experience? We brace our wills to secure it. We try to copy those who have it. We lay down rules about it. We watch, we pray; but these things do not bring the fullness of love into our souls." Love is never produced by straining and struggling, or by any direct action of the soul upon itself. "A man in a boat cannot move it by pressing it from within." Love is an effect, and here is the cause. We receive love when we receive God. If we would have love we must see Him. God is love, and love is God. More love means more of God. Perfect love means that

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

THE WAR CRY.

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THE BUILDING ACTIVITY.

If activity in the building trade is to be regarded as an indication of temporal prosperity then this country is certainly going ahead. A contemporary states that for seven months of this year the permits granted for building amounts to over seventy-seven million dollars, being an increase of twenty-eight per cent. on the same period of last year. This is decided progress no doubt, but still we should like to hear more of new land being brought under the plough, and of an increase in land production on the same scale as housebuilding and street making. It is possible for the real estate booster to get too busy. Factories and farming it seems to us are more substantial indications of permanent prosperity than a boom in the building trades. Nevertheless, when all is said that can be said, the present progress and development of Canada is most extraordinary, and it is up to us as Salvationists who desire to extend the Kingdom of God to do our utmost to direct the minds of the people to things that are eternal so that their eyes may not be altogether fixed on the things of this world.

INTERIOR SIN.

Elsewhere is announced the fact that Mrs. Booth has made arrangements to visit this country. Mrs. Booth is one of the worlds leading sociologists, and her contributions by means of papers and addresses to sociological discussions are of great and permanent value. In her "Personal Notes," contributed to the Deliverer, Mrs. Booth makes the following remarks with which we find ourselves in complete accord:

"An ever-widening experience of the so-called vicious classes in many lands convinces me that while vice has many forms, sin works by no set methods. It has a way of ruin for every man that is original and appropriate only to himself, and it is often—I am not sure that I might not use a stronger term—anyway it is often quite as bad, if not worse when it is respectable and plausible and elegantly clothed than when we see its impress revealed in delirium and rags, in ruined features and bloated and tottering bodies, and worse than all, in the extinction of human feeling and love and will. Do not then, I would urge, let us act as though the inebriate—because she is an inebriate—may not be really as worthy of help as other sinners. It is not the appearance of a sin, no mat-



Reciprocity—Salvation Army Brand.

This is a great time for political reciprocity, and the War Cry suggests that seeing the Army by means of its various branches renders great service to communities that municipalities might reciprocate by giving more in the way of grants for the maintenance of this work.

Another Motor Campaign.

The GENERAL to Start in S. Wales ON TWENTY-SIX DAYS' TOUR.

THE JOURNEY OUTLINED.

(From the British Cry.)

O the astonishment, and much more so to the delight, of every loyal follower of The General will come the announcement that he is contemplating another Motor Campaign! That in itself would be sufficiently startling, for it is not as though he were still a young man—as all the world knows he was eighty-two last April—or had been resting several weeks in anticipation of the rigours of such an ordeal.

But when we speak of the tour being contemplated, we mention only a half-truth; the whole fact is that The General has already decided to (D.V.) start on his seventh Motor Campaign on Monday, August 21st, and that he will not conclude the journey till Thursday, September 14th—that is a period of twenty-six days, or nearly four weeks.

Another remarkable circumstance about the campaign is that our Leader commences it in South Wales. It will be remembered that it was at Newport

that, two years ago, The General's last Motor Campaign was compulsorily brought to a sudden termination owing to a serious eye trouble. It was a bitter disappointment to him that the journey was thus precipitately broken off, and it is therefore a happy arrangement that he should now set out again on the same battle-field.

To come to the actual Campaign, The General will conduct a day's meetings at Barry Dock on Sunday, August 20th, starting the next day for the North.

It is proposed, to begin with, at least, that there shall be two meetings a day, but the question of wayside gatherings will be left very much to the exigencies of the moment.

Starting, then, in South Wales, The General will work northward to Lancashire. Then, crossing to the East Coast, he will take a southward route, coming down to London by way of Yorkshire and Lincoln. His Sundays after Barry Dock, will be spent at Leigh, Stockton, and Rotherham.

ter how disgusting that appearance may be, which makes it really base. It is its interior quality—what it is in deliberation, motive, thought, and feeling. It is the force of inward malignity, the foulness of inward desire, the stringent pinch of inward meanness and selfishness, the gloat of inward pas-

sion and lust. We must judge a righteous judgment, and measured by this standard, we cannot but regard these poor weak serfs of appetite as fit objects of our deepest compassion, and stretch out to them in their despair a hand which they shall be able to recognize as the hand of a friend indeed.

Whilst on his way back to Japan from England, via the Trans-Siberian Railway, Commissioner Hodder had an unpleasant adventure with some Customs officials on the Russian border. With drawn swords they demanded payment of a high duty on a parcel of patterns of various Army materials. After a great deal of palaver, however, they allowed the Commissioner, baggage, parcel, and all to follow on by a later train.

Mrs. Hargrave, whose health of late has been far from what we desire, is still rusticated at Old Orchard. We understand the change is doing her a great deal of good.

Adjutant Bristow was prevented from sailing from Liverpool on the 19th, owing to the great strike in England. He sailed from Bristol, however, on the 23rd by the Royal Edward. He writes to say that he is fully restored to health, and is feeling fine.

Captain Carter recently called in at T. H. Q. on his way back to Quebec from Vancouver. He had had the task of conducting a party of immigrants across Canada.

This month, Major David Creighton, of the Immigration Department, celebrates his twenty-sixth year of service as a Salvation Army Officer. Congratulations, Major!

Adjutant Peacock, of T. H. Q., furloughed at his home town, Regina, recently. On his way back to Toronto he stopped off at Winnipeg and visited the No. I. and III. Corps, taking part in the meetings.

PERSONALITIES.

Mrs. Booth, writing in the Deliverer, says that it was a great pleasure to visit Denmark, the Territory of my dear sister, Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg. She received me into her own little home, and to be with her there and note her joy, both in her home life with the children and in the Salvation Army work in the Territory, was a pleasant contrast indeed to the sad scene of her desolation when last we met."

* Bernard Booth, the eldest son of the Chief of the Staff, has been accepted as a Cadet, and will enter the International Training Homes at the approaching session. He decided the question of giving himself over to the life of a Salvation Army Officer in one of his father's meetings for Young People some three years since. Mrs. Booth, commenting on this fact, says: "It is a very sincere joy to us, as parents, that our prayers for him are so far answered, and we believe that, having heard God's call to service, he will for himself claim that fitness which can only come by the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit. We are deeply grateful for the opportunities offered in The Salvation Army for lives of usefulness in God's service, and it is our one desire that each of the seven children committed to our care should offer themselves to the service of God in this way. We pray that upon all the children belonging to Salvation Army parents there may be shed forth the spirit of love which makes sacrifice easy, and that they may be led not only to offer themselves in the first instance, but enabled to persevere in the path of real self-denial and devotion, in which all these must walk who would truly be followers of Christ."

* The Commissioner is at present busily engaged with the different heads of departments at T. H. Q. in completing the plans for the coming Congress. The presence of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, wife of the Chief of the Staff will greatly add to the interest of the various gatherings and a time of great blessing is confidently expected.

* We are delighted to be able to state that the Chief Secretary is on deck again. He is very much better in health, a matter for which we are all grateful.

* Commissioner Raiton, after nearly three months' strenuous campaigning in Germany, has returned to England. For the last few weeks he has been fighting in some of the hardest Corps in Saxony.

* Commissioner Ridsdel is going at last till in Holland. He lately conducted meetings at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Zwolle, and other places. Large crowds attended, and many souls were saved.

* Colonel Kyle, the British Y. P. Secretary, is busily engaged in seeing to the comfort of the young people who are taking advantage of the Army's Holiday Camps. Views of the camp at Clacton may be seen on page 13.

The Coming Councils.

MRS. BOOTH to MEET the OFFICERS

The COMMISSIONER outlines some of the things that will take place at the Toronto Congress.

THE announcement that Mrs. Booth, the wife of the Chief of the Staff, would make a trip to Toronto for the purpose of meeting and addressing the Officers assembled to the Fall Councils, started a War Cry representative hot foot after the Commissioner to obtain more information concerning such an important event.

"Will Mrs. Booth visit any other cities in Canada, Commissioner?" asked the interviewer. "No," was the reply. "At present the arrangement provides only for a visit to the Toronto Councils. I should, of course, have been delighted if Mrs. Booth could have met the Officers who will assemble in council at other centres. Mrs. Booth was present at the Officers' Councils in Stockholm, when I was in charge of Sweden, and I know what an inspiration and blessing her addresses proved to the Scandinavians, so I am naturally delighted that there is a possibility of our being favoured with such a distinguished visitor at our Toronto Councils. You will observe that I have used the word possibility. I did that advisedly as I am very sorry to say that family circumstances have arisen which takes away from the confidence with which we heralded Mrs. Booth's coming last week. Still I am full of hope that it may be possible for Mrs. Booth to carry out the first arrangement and be with us."

"Mrs. Booth" will deliver a social lecture on Sunday afternoon."

"Yes, Mrs. Booth, as you know, is the active head of our Women's Social Work in Great Britain, and takes a great interest in our operations on behalf of women over seas. I should very much have liked to have taken Mrs. Booth to Winnipeg so that she might see our Grace Hospital."

"Mrs. Booth is a recognized authority on the treatment of female inebriates and social evils generally as they affect women. I observe that the current Cassels Magazine, one of the leading London monthlies, has a most important article on "The White Slave Traffic" by Mrs. Booth, and quite recently Mrs. Booth read a paper on our work among inebriates before the Society for the Study of Inebriety. We shall, I am sure, greatly enjoy her lecture."

"What other special features will the Congress present, Commissioner?"

"Well, we shall have what I think is a unique, and what certainly promises to be a most impressive and picturesque demonstration of welcome to Mrs. Booth on the Wednesday—the opening night of the Councils. For this welcome to Mrs. Booth from over the sea, and to the delegates from all over the Dominion the Massey Hall has been

taken—a new thing to have the welcome meeting of the Fall Councils held in the Massey Hall," said the Commissioner, and then he continued thus:

"The main lines of the scheme of the welcome meeting are in brief as follows:

"The platform will be so decorated that the audience, which we expect will hurry to the Massey Hall in order to get a good seat—and I certainly advise all our friends to do so—will behold an immense Army Flag with the word 'Welcome' formed on it in letters of white extending almost the entire length of the platform. A massed band formed of the city's Corps bands will play selected music up to eight o'clock, when, to the concluding strains of 'O, Canada,' Mrs. Booth and the principal staff will take their places on the platform. Then will be presented to our distinguished visitor addresses from representatives of three great divisions of our work—that is, the Territorial Headquarters, the Canadian Field, and in honour to our International Special, a detachment of Foreign representatives. The presentation of these addresses will be preceded by a flag-honouring episode, then the bands will play the song we have in honour of the flag, and the dear old yellow red and blue, supported by a dozen flags of different nations, will be borne on to the platform. The flags will be carried by the colour-sergeants of the Toronto Corps, and it is anticipated that feelings will run high when the glorious old flag with the fiery star which stands for the grand principles to which we have subscribed, and which we love so much, is waved before the great audience."

"After this will follow a demonstration by the Headquarters Staff, when representatives of the various departments will present themselves bearing emblems of their crafts and callings. For instance the work of the Finance Department will be suggested by a gigantic cash box and Ledger borne aloft by members of that Department. Then the Editorial will be represented by a huge quill pen, and a crayon holder—art and literature, my boy (the interviewer bowed and beamed). Then the Property will come along with a big brick on which will be shown how many bricks have been laid in Army properties this year. The Immigration Department will select a typical family of newcomers, that in mind we understand will consist of father, mother and twelve children ranging from seventeen to three," the pride of Britain" (the Immigration people call them. And so on. The Women's Social Work, the Men's Social, and all branches of the operations that circle around Headquarters will be represented in a spectacular and humorous fashion, for I understand that some of the wits at Head-

quarters are labouring hard at working out epigrams to hit off their own branch of Army labour.

The Field side of Canada will be represented by all ranks of the Field Officers who will wear costumes indicating the localities whence they come, such as Quebec, a French-Canadian boatman's costume; New Brunswick, a lumberjack with a caulkook; Nova Scotia, coal miner with lamp, and pick; Newfoundland, a fisherman; Alberta, cowboy; Manitoba, coon coat and snowshoes, etc., etc. This brigade will also bear emblems such as a big loaf for Saskatchewan—this Province claiming to be the future breadbasket of the Empire. A big nugget for British Columbia, and a mighty apple for Ontario again, etc., etc.

After this section has presented its address and taken its place on the platform, the Foreign delegates will enter the hall—a blaze of harmonious colour and quietly cut garb. We have, from most of the countries in which the Army works, got a complete outfit of the national costume which will be worn for the first time on this occasion.

"The entire representatives will then be assembled on the platform, and with the varicoloured costumes, the gorgeous flags, and the emblematical devices will form a unique and inspiring spectacle. As the great Band will play the stirring music of "God Bless Our Army Brave" (tune: God Save the King), the representatives on the platform, and the audience will stand and join in the song. The face of our dear old General will be thrown upon the sheet as the last verse of the song is sung, "God bless our General." Then allegorical pictures will be thrown upon the sheet containing the words of welcome from the Premiers of the various Provinces.

"Mrs. Booth will then address the meeting. It is thought that this will be one of the most interesting demonstrations we have ever had in Canada."

There will be many other interesting and perhaps novel features in these Councils, but as the date is still a few weeks off I had better reserve these till next week. In the meantime let me urge upon you to entreat the readers of the Cry to pray that the blessing of God may be poured out upon us at the coming season otherwise all will be dry, barren, and unfruitful."

* During the absence on furlough of Ensign Mardall, our Toronto Police Court work has been attended to by Lieut. Hal. Beckett. Three young men were handed over to him the other day, on suspended sentence.

* On Sunday, after the Hotness Meeting, Major Green, the beloved Divisional Commander from Hamilton, presented Bandmaster Newman on behalf of the Band with photos of the Brantford Band, in commemoration of their successful visit to Niagara Falls on the 29th July last. Bandmaster Newman made a suitable reply, and the smiling Bandsmen adjourned for dinner.—J. T. Wimble.

A true Christian is he who tries to do his best for both God and man.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

**There is Splendid Work
going on in the Corps.**

**Read these Reports and see what
God's Grace is doing.**

HAPPENINGS AT SUMMERSIDE

MAJOR GREEN AT BRANTFORD

On Sunday, July 9th, Captain and Mrs. Viegel, after a short stay of five months, farewelled from here and went to Amherst, and on the following Thursday Captain Keon and Lieut. White arrived and took charge. Last Sunday one soul held up his hand to be prayed for. We are believing to see him take his place at the front again, as he one time stood by us for a good number of years.

On Tuesday, August 8th, Brigadier Adley was with us seeing about fixing up our building.

On the following Tuesday we had the Charlotte-town Officers up on a visit. We were delighted to see Captain Miller, as he has been here before. As for the Lieutenant, it was his first visit and he was delighted with the place. Owing to the wet weather we were unable to hold many openairs, but Mrs. Patterson could be seen with her plate taking up the collection. She takes in the steamer and trains as well and always has a smile for every person.

Harold Patterson, who is only six years of age, plays the drum at our meetings and does it fine. The Sergeant-Major plays it on the march, and Harold plays it inside. The new Officers like the place fine.—Ava Wilson, Drum-Sergeant.

ENVOY AND MRS. HANCOCK VISIT WOODSTOCK

The week-end meetings were conducted here by Envoy and Mrs. Hancock from London I.

On Saturday the Envoy gave an address on the importance of the new birth, to an interested crowd.

Sunday morning a joyful scene was witnessed, when the Envoy met some of his old comrades from England, Sergt. Branch and Bandsman Wilson. They linked hands and sang praises to God, and all the comrades rose and sang "It Be True Lord, to Thee." These good openairs were held in the afternoon. The crowning time came at the night meeting, when at the close of a powerful address by the Envoy we had the joy of seeing three souls at the mercy-seat. The Band worked well all day. A most hearty invitation was given by the Officers, and all for a speedy return visit.—N. C. A. for Ensign and Mrs. Cavender.

Dunnville.—We have had Lt. Speller leading us on for the past two weeks in the absence of Captain Marstand, who has been on furlough. We can report good times. The Lieutenant has the go in him to make things lively. We regret to say that he left us to-night for his next station at Barrie. We miss him very much.

During the week Ensign Hamilton assisted by the local Officers and Soldiers, conducted earnest Salvation meetings.

On Sunday we had with us Major Green, the Divisional Commander from Hamilton (the Singing Revivalist). The Major took the Holiness Meeting and delivered an instructive and soul-searching address, greatly blessing his hearers. In the afternoon the Major, assisted by Ensign Hamilton, C.O., and Captains Taylor and Davies, conducted a most enjoyable musical free-and-easy meeting, great enthusiasm prevailing. At night a very large ring was formed by the Band and Soldiers on the Market Square, a large crowd listening to the Major's beautiful singing and the testimonies of the comrades and the Band under Bandmaster Newman. Inside the Hall was packed with people who listened attentively to impressive addresses from the Major and others. Three souls found Salvation, amidst the hal-lujahs of the soldiers.—J. T. Wimbly, Corps Corr.

NEWS FROM AMHERST, N. S.

On July 18th we had a visit from our worthy D. O., and at 7.20 p.m. we all gathered on the courthouse steps and had our photo taken. Then we held an open-air meeting, where we had a fine crowd to listen to Brigadier Adley's singing. At our inside meeting Captain Miller and Lieut. Barkley farewelled after a stay in our midst of eight months, and although we miss them, yet our loss is Charlotte-town's gain.

On Thursday, 20th of July, we welcomed into our midst Captain and Mrs. Voige, who have been leading us on to victory ever since.

Our picnic took place on the 27th of July at Pugwash, N.S. We united with the Amherst Methodist Church and started at 8.30 a.m. and had a glorious day, and we arrived back about 8.15 p.m., tired but happy.—E. J. D., War Corr.

The work is progressing at North Sydney. On Sunday, Aug. 6th, our Hall was packed. Three souls came to the mercy-seat. Capt. Ransom and Lieut. Moore are in charge.—G. S. M.

Major and Mrs. Green recently visited New Liskeard. Three souls sought sanctification in the Holiness Meeting. In the afternoon Mrs. Green gave a stirring address. A man and his wife sought salvation at the end of the night meeting.—J. H. for Ensign Murphy.

SPECIALS AT COMFORT COVE.

NEW OFFICERS

AT LETHBRIDGE

On August 1st the writer left Black Island and proceeded to Exploits, in a small boat, there to await the arrival of the SS. Clyde, due the next day. When it came in Adjutant Hiscock, the D. O. of Twillingate, stepped ashore. Soon after Lieut. Milley and myself rowed the Adjutant to Comfort Cove. We found that Lieut. Button was away gathering bake apples, but Lieut. Perry, the day school teacher, welcomed us.

On Friday we went to Birch Bay, an outpost, where we gave a lantern service. A good crowd attended. A fine little Hall is being erected in this place. Next day we repeated the service at Comfort Cove. The Citadel was packed. We had a glorious day on Sunday.

In the Holiness Meeting all consecrated themselves afresh to God and the Army. After a powerful meeting at night seven souls came to the mercy seat. On Monday we went back to Exploits.

OLD COMRADES REVISIT GANANOQUE

On Sunday, July 30th, we had two old comrades with us which made us quite happy. One was Sister Mrs. Lalonde and the other was Cadet Round, who was up for a week end. The esteem with which our comrades are held was shown by the way the people gathered in the Town Park, where our Sunday meetings are being held, to hear them, so glad were they to see them again. We have said farewell to Captain Laing and Lieut. Milton, and have welcomed Capt. and Mrs. Blaney, who seem to have already won their way into the hearts of the people. You may expect to hear more of us later. Geo. O'Brien, Corps Secretary.

WORKING THE VILLAGES.

Our Officer, Lieut. Frank Ham, is certainly a hustler. Since coming here he has succeeded in clearing off a long-standing debt. Openairs in the neighbouring villages have been a new feature in our work. Local papers report good work done in same. On Aug. 26 and 27 we were favoured with a visit from Captain Boynton. Big crowds listened to openairs. Great and deep conviction manifest in meetings. One soul sought the Saviour. We are looking for a big break. "The parched ground shall become a pool." Lord I believe.—Watchman.

GODD RESULT OF A CAPTAIN'S VISIT

We have had a week-end visit at Montreal IV, from Captain and Mrs. Harbour, which ended in four souls seeking salvation and each of us receiving a lift Heavenwards.

On Wednesday night we welcomed our Officers home from their furlough full of faith and greatly improved in health. Souls are being saved. In all we have had six for salvation and seven for the blessing of a clean heart.

J. S. Anniversary Held.

A real hearty welcome was given to Ensign Andrews and Captain Pease to Lethbridge. Great crowds at all openairs and inside meetings for the week-end.

In the Sunday morning Holiness Meeting the Ensign gave a powerful address from the Bible lesson, "Where Art Thou."

In the afternoon a good old salvation free and easy meeting, and at night a red-hot salvation meeting by the Officers; two backsliders came out to the mercy seat; every local Officer and soldier is inspired on to victory by the earnestness of the new Officers.—H. Dawson, Secretary.

Sunday, Aug. 13th, was a day long to be remembered. It was the J. S. Anniversary, also the second week of our new Officers, Ensign Andrew and Capt. Pease, who have already got into the Juniors' hearts.

In the Holiness Meeting the Ensign gave us a good talk. One brother came forward.

The afternoon meeting was started by the Juniors singing a song entitled, "Forward." They gave an excellent program, led on by J. S. M. Stark. Brother Hooker was in the chair. At night the Juniors sang in the open-air to a large audience. In the inside meeting J. S. M. Stark and J. S. Treasurer Tull spoke forcibly on the example of parents. The Ensign gave a short address on the "Captive Maid."

On Monday night the Juniors gave a two hours' program. Capt. Pease was chairman.

Our J. S. work is progressing.—Longfellow.

ENSIGN AND MRS. HARGROVE

Welcomed to St. John's I.

For some time we have been looking forward to the arrival of our new Officers, and on Saturday, July 6th, our hearts' desires were granted when the ex-priests arrived with our Officers, viz., Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove, and son Percy. The first thing we had to do after the arrival of our Officers was to give them to understand that they were welcome to St. John's I. and on the following Sunday, July 6th, the welcome meetings were held, conducted by Mrs. Colonel Ross and Staff-Captain Cave, assisted by a number of other Officers. A number of old soldiers—that have been long-standing for God and the Army, spoke in response to the coming of the Officers to this Corps, and we firmly believe that at the conclusion of Sunday's meetings that Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove felt right at home, and thought that Newfoundland wasn't too bad a place after all. At night a great Salvation Meeting was held in the Citadel, and we had the privilege of seeing five souls plunging in the fountain. Five others were converted during the week, making a total of ten for the week. We are believing for a big time in the future, a time when God shall manifest His power in this Corps, for we believe we have the right Officers in the right place.—L. N.

LIEUT. COL. AND MRS. CHANDLER

With the Windsor Band Visit Leamington.

The music-loving residents of Leamington were certainly thrilled by the music discoursed by the famous Windsor Band on the occasion of their visit to this town on Saturday and Sunday, August 19th and 20th.

The great concourse of people that awaited the Band's appearance on the street was indeed inspiring. After a great open-air, during which the Band played several pleasing selections, they marched to the Citadel, where an expectant crowd gathered to hear the Grand Festival of Music and Song which they knew the Windsor Band under the baton of Bandmaster Downing were capable of rendering. Dr. Anderson, M.P.P., honored the meeting with his presence, ably filling the chair. He made many complimentary remarks upon the playing of the Band and upon the Army's work in general. Among other items which went to make up the unique programme provided by the Band were the instrumental and vocal quartettes, also the singing of Bandsman Giles.

All day Sunday was a time of victory and inspiration under the leadership of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, assisted by Adj. Hancock of Windsor. The open-air throughout the day brought great crowds. The Holiness Meeting was a time of great blessing, when many were inspired by the speaking of both Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, and the soft strains played by the Band.

The Colonel, who acted as chairman of the musical festival, given by the Band in the afternoon certainly kept things going with his wit and humour. The Band simply excelled.

Sunday night's meeting will long be remembered as a time of great power. The addresses given by Mrs. Chandler and Adj. Hancock went to the heart of many present. The Band played appropriate music, and when the Colonel stood up to deliver God's message a deep solemnity pervaded the whole building. Three souls plunged into the fountain. The day closed with a glorious wind-up, making the week-end one which will long be remembered in the history of the Leamington Corps.

Both the local Corps and the public unite in saying: Come again.—B. S.

MAJOR CAMERON VISITS OWEN SOUND

The Salvation Army at Owen Sound is making great advances. The Bandsmen, Locals, and Corps generally are turning out well, and the Corps Officer, Adjutant Andrews, is certainly the right woman in the right place. Major Cameron, of the Training College, Toronto, had a real good time last Sunday. In all she conducted nine meetings, including a dedication of the Band Secretary's child. The Major addressed a large crowd of people on Sunday afternoon in the park on "Is There a Hell." The collections were of a record character, and nine people sought God for cleansing and pardon. God is certainly leading us on to victory in Owen Sound.—Onlooker.

VISITORS FROM LONDON.

Continued from Page Eleven.

soundly converted in one of the meetings. A great desire to help others who were in a similar predicament that he had just escaped from now arose in his heart. He was appointed as a scout, and nightly he visited his old haunts to try and persuade outcasts to accept the hospitality of The Army. One night he saw a man looking dismally into the river as it flowed by—swift and dark. In an instant he was at his side. "I know what you're thinking about," he said, pulling an arm around the other. "I've been there myself. Come along to the Army." The man came, got converted, and was sent to the Spa Rd. Elevator. He is now doing well.

"So there you see how two men were saved from suicide through the Army's social work. And they are but typical of many hundreds of others. The Blackfriars Free Breakfast is beyond doubt one of the most potent forces in London for the rescue of the submerged. Every Sunday morning about five hundred men gather there, and the meeting that follows is beyond my powers to describe. Suffice it to say that the results are the best answer to the question: 'Is social work worth while?'"

"Are you making any advances in the way of erecting new buildings, Colonel?"

"Yes, we are considerably adding to the accommodation of the Spa Road Elevator so that we can take an additional 200 men. That will make a total accommodation for 600. Then not long ago the General opened a new Shelter and Elevator at Notting-ham. A similar institution has also been opened at Rochdale, and we have secured a property at Hull for the same purpose."

"And now just a few personal questions by way of conclusion, Colonel. How are you as regards health?"

"Well, I'm feeling fine now, after my trip across the briny. The sea always has a wonderful effect on me. I have no doubt that by the time I get back to England I shall be in first-rate working order."

"If you don't do too many meetings, dear," interposed Mrs. Jacobs.

"And how is the family?" Mrs. Jacobs replied this time. "Bella is now a Captain, and is in charge of Nottingham IV," she said. "She is getting along fine. Ethel is a stenographer at the Foreign Office, Edith and Dora are soldiers at the Leyton Corps, and the boys, of course, are Juniors. Yes, they are all well, thank you."

And Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs went off to visit other old Canadian friends.

One constant tippler who himself was probably never drunk or insane, may start a long stream of mental defectives. That is in accord with the investigations of others, and demands the attention of all in authority, and cries aloud to the license commissioners, who alone can act promptly.

Shall we go on using swollen words about the development of our young nation, and stand idly by while this cancer eats its heart out?—Dr. H. Arnott, Hamilton.

FREE OUTING TO POOR CHILDREN

A local paper of Ottawa thus reports the Army's efforts on behalf of poor children in that city:

"About two hundred kiddies, their faces radiant with smiles, hopped aboard two cars of the Hull Electric Railway Company at 9 o'clock this morning and turned eager eyes in the direction of Aylmer, whither they were bound for a day's outing as the guests of The Salvation Army."

"Boys and girls ranging in age from five to fifteen years, began to gather at the Aylmer station shortly after eight o'clock, and by nine o'clock, the hour set for the departure of the kiddies, the station platform was thronged with little ones. All were attired in their Sunday clothes and wore silk badges bearing the inscription, 'The Salvation Army Free Outing.'"

The excursionists were in charge of Staff Captain Goodwin of the Slater Street Corps, who was indefatigable in her efforts to please the children. Other Officers in the party were Captain Trim, Captain Nicholson, and Captain Maisey.

"The children are spending the day at Queens' Park. Games of all sorts were indulged in during the morning, as well as motor runs, etc. At noon a substantial dinner was served. The return trip will be made at 6.30 p.m."

"A short time ago \$1,000 conscience money was received here from Winnipeg. The money was to be devoted to charitable purposes, and it was \$100 of this amount which defrayed most of the expenses of to-day's outing to Aylmer."

PERFECT LOVE.

(Continued from Page Seven.)

we have opened all the avenues of our being, and that He has come and taken possession of every chamber. Some writer has said: "Take love from an angel and you have a devil, take love from a man and you have a brute, take love from God and there is nothing left." When Sir James Mackintosh was dying, a friend saw his lips move, and when the ear was put down it caught the whisper, "God—Love—the very same." Yes, love is the only word convertible with God. It is not His mere name, but His nature—His being—Himself. When He comes to the heart, He comes not empty-handed, He brings His love with Him, and that consciously received, produces a corresponding and answering love in our hearts to Him. Says Lange, "When God's love to us comes to be in us, it is like the virtue which the loadstone gives to the needle, inclining it to move towards the pole."

There is no need to ask whether the Perfect Love of which St. John speaks means Christ's love to us, or our love to Christ. It is both. The recognition of His love, and the response of ours, are the result of His entering and abiding in the heart. "He that hath made His home in love has his home in God, and God has His home in Him."—From "New Testament Holiness."

The beauty of Christ shines as bright in homespun attire as it does in the special dress for Sunday.

BAND CHAT.

Continued from Page Four.

bone player, and W. Pick, the snare drummer. The latter learned to play in the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, and has travelled in India and Egypt.

* *

Our Band at Montreal IV. is improving. It numbers twelve all told, and is a credit to those in charge as was proved on Thursday night when it rendered a musical treat. Several of the comrades also took part in singing and reciting which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

* *

The Riverdale Band recently organized an excursion to Niagara Falls. It was a great success, between four and five hundred people making the trip. The Band played on the boat—both going and returning.

PETERBORO BAND AT FENELON FALLS

People Very Appreciative, and Came in Big Crowds.

Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12 and 13, were red-letter days for Fenelon Falls. We were favoured with a visit from the famous Peterborough Silver Band. After partaking of a good, hearty supper which was very kindly given by the comrades of the Corps, the Band marched down the Main street to a prominent spot near the Canal, where a good open-air was held. The spot was thronged with people listening attentively to the beautiful strains of the Band. Dixon's Hall was secured for the inside meeting, where a splendid programme was given by the Band. Dr. Sims took the chair and presided over the proceedings. He spoke very warmly of the good work the Army was doing.

The Band commenced Sunday by having a bright open-air in a good residential part of the town. The Holiness Meeting went with a swing.

In the afternoon a meeting was held in the Park. The people gathered together from the north, south, east and west to hear the Band and showed their appreciation by giving very liberally in the collections.

The night meeting was also held in Dixon's Hall, which was packed to the doors. Many who could not get in stood outside, eagerly listening to the magnificent strains of sweet music which came from the Band. Only a short meeting was held inside owing to the vast crowds standing without. The meeting was continued in the street, at the close of which the Bandmaster requested that the entire congregation should sing that old song:

"Nearer my God to Thee."
To say that the people of the Falls were delighted with the Band would be expressing it very mildly. God bless the Band! Come again, Boys!—S's.

Dr. Burgess, of the Verdun Asylum, Montreal, recently said that insanity occurs less frequently in the drunkard than in his offspring. That is a dreadful statement, but it is backed up by alienists all over the world, and explains why this dread malady is on the increase.

Our Heritage — the Sea.

An Article Showing the Value and Cost of Britain's Maritime Supremacy.



The Coastguards' Haste to the Rescue.

not in majestic epic periods that resound in your ears like the thunder of a storm-tide on a rocky shore, but in bald, unassuming words. How such and such a crew, plain sailormen these, put forth from the security of some giant liner—braving death in its most hideous forms, toiling slavishly at heavy oars, with stress and toment walking ever beside them to bring help to the helpless and life to those who shiver at the brooding nearness of death.

"There is not a spot on earth but tells some tale of our heritage. But what of the price we have had to pay? The floors of the world's oceans

are littered with English bones; deep down in the nameless caverns grim skeletons keep as constant watch as ever was kept on poop or fore-castle. Slimy, nameless monsters of the underseas writhe in and out amongst the gaunt ribs of what were once proud sea-castles; strong men have dragged them from destruction a thousand times, only to fail at the last in that never-ending conflict between men and a cruel foe. For though the sea is Britain's friend she is also Britain's deadly enemy, paradoxical as it may seem.

The Price of Our Heritage.

"Look ashore; see those hag-

gard women peering with tear-reddened eyes; see trembling hands thrown to aching brows, as ship after ship speeds nobly up the channels pallid green, but their ship never returns. See the small, unnamed graves that fringe the surf on our wild shores—here lie stalwarts who have paid their price for the common weal—victims of the sea. See where the dismantled smack lies at the mercy of the boisterous billows; where the coastguardsman, who braves death in its most terrifying forms, is ever at hand to save those unfortunate castaways. For a heritage may not be held without the

payment of some bitter price; and we have grown not to care overmuch, perhaps; we look on it as a matter of course that so many men should die per year—it is the price of our supremacy.

"But what of those who pay the price? What of those quiet homes—homes that have nothing in their constitution to deserve a second thought save this one thought, that noble men have been bred there to give themselves all uncomplainingly in payment of the price? There are women who watch through the night; who pray voicelessly through parched lips; who writhe in the paralyzing agonies of great fear—the greatest fear, for it is fear for others and not for themselves; who hear a death-shriek in every mutter of the storm; who hear the passing of some storm-weary spirit in every roll of thunder; who have given their best and bravest—these have paid the price of our heritage. They do not know what we know, for they are not given to self-analysis; but this they know, that their men must use the sea, or Britain must starve; they know that the finny riches that swarm about our shores cannot be salvaged without some human cost—but they do not know that every life they give to the sea is one small mite in the vast National Debt.

The Dangers of the Sea.

"We care nothing for this—the stress of life is too great to allow us to think of aught but our own welfare. We never pause to reflect as we hack the morning loaf asunder that weeks and months of striving alone have brought that loaf to our tables. We do not want to be reminded of the long vigils, when the reeling ships heave and shudder to the thunderous attack of the ocean's legions; when the sea-fog creeps down to hide the shore; when the grim derelict lurks underfoot—a thing of dread—waiting to strike like a stealthy assassin in the night; when every sound is a menace; when the heart of every man is stifled by the pressing fear of disaster. No, that is something

outside our narrow lives; and if we do think of these things we shrug our well-clothed shoulders and say that the men are paid for what they do, so the debt is evened. But there are some things that money cannot buy, and one such thing is courage of the kind the sea has bred in British hearts.

"Our British sailors—the men who have made our heritage, men who will maintain it to the end—still go forward thus uncomplainingly to their death, that Britain may live and glory in her godly heritage till time shall cease and the sea shall give up its dead."

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER SHERWOOD, OF AMHERST, N.S.

Death has visited our Corps and taken from our midst Bro. H. Sherwood at the age of 44 years. He was a great sufferer for two years from consumption. Although unable to take any active part in the open-air work for the last eighteen months, yet he was always cheerful, and would come to the inside meetings when he could. But several months ago he had to stay indoors and take to his bed from which he never rose again. When he was visited by the Officers and other members of the Corps, his testimony was always the same, that it was well with his soul, and that he was ready to meet his God. Just before he passed away on July 29 he made a request that our old Officer, Captain Miller, should conduct the funeral. So Captain Veigle, who is at present in charge of our Corps, sent a message to Captain Miller at Charlottetown, P.E.I., and that Officer came and carried out all arrangements to the satisfaction of all concerned on August 2nd, and on the following Sunday we held a memorial service on behalf of our late comrade. We had a slow march from the open-air meeting, the Band playing the Dead March. The Hall was crowded, and right through the service the people were greatly moved, and we had the joy of seeing one soul come out for salvation. May God bless Mrs. Sherwood and her little one in their bereavement.—E. J. D., War Corr.

MRS. REID OF DILDO.

The mantle of death has once again dropped at Dildo, T.B., and has taken away a loving wife and mother in the person of Mrs. Thomas Reid. For some months she has been passing through the fire of affliction, but not alone, always proving that the grace of God was sufficient for her. Some months ago, a day after we had laid our dear sister's baby boy in its last resting-place, she realized how fleeting life is and how empty without Jesus. The writer had the privilege of visiting her that morning (by request) and of pointing her to the Saviour and of seeing her accept Him as her own. From that day Jesus was her all in all. She bore her sufferings like a hero, never once doubting God's power to save and keep. He was her constant comfort and strength. She passed away with

(Continued on Page 14.)

LOOK where you will, go where you may, you see the British Association with the sea," says Captain Shaw in Cassell's Magazine.

"Go where you will; shiver under the biting blizzards that rage off the Disko floe; bake and swelter in the sun-searched latitudes that lie about the Line; stem the furious anger of the raging typhoon; shudder and quail as Cape Horn rears its spray-kissed head, whilst the currents that sweep round that ominous rock drag you stealthily down towards a clammy doom—and yet there is never a storm too tremendous to daunt the ships that fly at their peaks the flag of Britain. Across the North Atlantic—braving the floating ice that lurks, insidious and threatening, ever in their track—the British cargo-carriers fly; swift to answer the cry of those who hunger: "Give us bread lest we perish!"

"They rock sullenly to the greasy heave of the tropical seas; they cast their shattered hulls to a restless rest on iron-bound coasts; but others go on, and still others, winging their way from the fog-bound channel, storming madly to the clearer skies of the south, spurning the fiercest waves underfoot with the proud, yet unassuming courage that has always marked their going—for Britain owes her existence to the sea and those who use it to the men who will dare and defy anything—the baffling might of God's anger aloft; the stealthy sneakishness of the fogs! the sinister lure of the currents—not because they count themselves heroes, but because they know that the sea is the one broad highway that leads to peace and life.

Unheroic Heroes.

"Look at your daily paper, and there you shall read the tale;



The Dangers of Derelicts.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER



THE GENERAL.

Over a thousand people gathered at Eastbourne railway station to welcome The General to their town recently. They gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Says the British War Cry:

"If any one had prophesied, twenty-five years ago, that the Mayor of Eastbourne would have been taking the chair for General Booth, and that the Town Clerk would have been seconding a vote of thanks to him, he would have been considered almost demented!"

So said the Town Clerk, Mr. H. West Fovargue, in the afternoon. This gentleman had thought of the bad old days when Eastbourne knew not the Army nor its General; when Salvationists were being sent to prison. And his words were all the more striking in contrast with the afternoon's gathering. Here were the leading people of the town, headed by their worthy Mayor and many of his Councillors and the great building was filled to its utmost with a most representative throng, all determined upon giving The General a real hearty welcome.

THE GERMAN CONGRESS.

The Annual Congress was conducted by Commissioner McKie at Berlin. It was a triumphant success. On Sunday afternoon a magnificent demonstration was held. Happy hosts of Salvationists processioned to the Tempelhofer Field through streets lined with delighted and astonished spectators. On all hands the utmost enthusiasm was shown, and the scene presented was impressive in the extreme. A thousand Soldiers, 250 Officers, and four Bands took part, and it is estimated that the total attendances were fully 5,000. The police arrangements were very satisfactory.

The heat was terrible, as it has been for weeks past, but happily no accident of any kind is reported. The Juniors travelled in the procession with a great Zeppelin airship.

Undoubtedly the gatherings formed a splendid tribute to the growing influence of the Army in the Fatherland. Commissioner McAlonan, the Territorial Commander, was naturally delighted.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner and Mrs. Eadie were accorded a warm welcome

The cuts on this page depict scenes in connection with a Young People's Camp in England. This is a scheme by which young men and also young women can, by payment of moderate sums, take their holiday under the auspices of The Salvation Army. We commend the consideration of this phase of holiday-making to the authorities that govern the Clarkson Camp.

to Cape Town. The Commissioner writes as follows:

"We were given a most affectionate and enthusiastic welcome in the Cape Town City Hall on Wednesday, August 2nd.

"The Meeting was under the presidency of the Mayor of the city, Sir Fredrick Smith, who was supported by that generous friend of The Salvation Army, Sir James Rose-Innes, the Acting Chief Justice of the South African Union.

"The gathering was a splendid tribute to the Army's remarkable hold upon the respect and appreciation of all classes of the community, as well as a striking proof of its growing influence in this part of the battlefield.

"Included among the large audience were statesmen, high Government officials, representatives of public bodies, leading clergymen, and other well-known friends.

"It is generally felt that there has rarely been a more spontaneous expression of sympathetic interest in the work of the Army generally and in the prospects of that work than at the present interesting juncture."

WEST INDIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Maidment is having a busy and a broken return journey to Jamaica. His first stop was Barbados, where,

at Bridgetown, he was announced to attend the opening of the new Central Hall, and, possibly, open a village Hall at Huletown. From Barbados, he was to visit British Guiana and Trinidad, call at Colon to inspect a new Social Institution, and then turn his face homewards—that is, Kingstonwards.

Sir George Le Hunts, Governor of Trinidad, is greatly interested in the Army's Probation Work at British Guiana, and recently invited Staff-Captain Bennett to call and explain the principles and methods by which it is managed, with a view to its adoption in His Excellency's territory.

REFORMING INDIAN THIEVES.

Some idea of the excellent work which is being carried on among the Indian criminal tribes, will be gathered from the report of Captain Hogg of the doings at the Karampur Settlement, in the Punjab.

Some thirty miles from Sialkot railway station, out in the jungle, is the Karampur Settlement (says the Captain) which was started a year ago by Brigadiers Dileri Singh and Satya Bai, who laid the foundation of a good work among the Pakhiwaras. These people are among the most noted thieves in India, are very clever at their business, and have given much trouble to the Government in the past.



Much time has been spent by us in teaching the men and lads the art of weaving; we also employ women in their homes hemming, mending, etc.

A gentleman recently told us that formerly drivers would whip-up their horses and rush past the place through fear of robbers. Things are so altered now that people acknowledge the good influence the Army has exerted, and scores of men and women stop each day and examine our factory and grounds, admire the weaving and the transformation of the land, shake their heads wisely, and say, "That's a good work you're doing."

We have employed a large number of men in building the house and making the well, while many men and lads are regularly employed in the weaving factory and in agricultural pursuits.

At the former good cloth is made—coating, sheeting, jharans, dhots, towels, etc., while in connection with the latter there are a few acres of land under cultivation, and considering it is of poor quality, the results are very favourable. There is a fine castor plantation and a stretch of lucerne grass growing, besides prospects of a good crop of jowari, cotton, melons, potatoes, and other vegetables which find a ready sale in the neighbourhood.

We have opened a school in the village for the children, where we have a daily attendance of nearly forty boys!

JAPANESE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Writing of the Army's Training School in Tokio, Major Beaumont says:

"It is situated in a commanding position in the West End of the capital, only a short distance, in fact, from the Crown Prince's palace, and it was opened under the most distinguished auspices, a number of leading people taking part in the proceedings.

"The buildings occupy the four sides of a square and are three storeys high; the centre is open and forms a small garden; the Lecture Hall faces the front, and the ground section is occupied by dining-room, kitchen, reception-room, bathrooms, and our own Quarters. The upper rooms are conveniently arranged for the Cadets—sitting-rooms through the day and bedrooms at night.

"The daily routine very closely resembles that at Clapton. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine, at times, that we are so far away from the great International centre, for the spirit, the hum, and the throb of the parent heart penetrates to the farthest East!

"We have just closed a very interesting eight-months' session. Twenty-six Cadets were commissioned, and by the brief reports at present to hand a hopeful work is in progress in spite of difficult surroundings. In the near vicinity of the School we have a Training Corps, where the Cadets obtain a practical insight into actual Field operations. Visitation of the people is a special feature, and by this helpful means a quiet work is being accomplished. The most encouraging results have been secured."

MARRIED IN HASTE.

(Continued From Page Four.)

and deceit; she saw herself a ruined, lonely, and defenceless woman. What mattered it to her that the man who had committed this dastardly and cowardly deed should be sent to prison? All the punishment in the world could not restore to her that which she had lost.

"God help me!" she groaned, as she heard the sentence passed upon the scoundrel who had so ruthlessly wrecked her life. "Oh, how I wish I had taken my father's advice! Now it's too late, too late! God help me!"

A few moments later she was being carried out of the court in a dead faint.

All that night and the next day Irene's grief was inconsolable. Her pent-up feelings of anguish and sorrow could only find expression in sighs and groans, broken and disconnected sentences and tears. The week that followed Darkington's sentence seemed to her like an eternity. But before the week had gone she had passed through the condition of mind and heart in which she found her relief in tears, through a period of the acutest misery and the most abject despair, had arrived at a decision and was resolved to act. The deed she had decided upon was dark and sinister enough, but it was, she argued, unavoidable.

"Neither my father nor my mother, nor my relatives, shall ever know where I am!" she said in her pride. "After what has happened I could not, no, I would not look them in the face again. No; I am better out of life, and out of life I'll go!"

"Staff-Captain!"

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"There's the front-door bell. Can't you hear it?"

"Why, yes; I wonder who it can possibly be at this time of night, or rather, morning?"

"It was rung twice. Shall I go down and see who's there?"

"No, dear, I'll go. One o'clock in the morning! This is most unusual."

This little dialogue took place between the Matron of one of the Army's Homes for Women and her assistant. The time, as we have already indicated, was about an hour past midnight.

When the Staff-Captain opened the door, she was confronted with a well-dressed young woman seeking a shelter.

"If you could accommodate me for the night," she said, "I

READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT. IS HE A MIRACLE?

WHO?

Your COLOR-SERGEANT



So, the Editor would like to hear from you as soon as possible concerning him, for publication in the Christmas Cry. The "Types of Salvation Soldiery" series, which has taken on so well will, in our Christmas number, be a striking representation of The Salvation Army Colour Sergeant, and we have decided to make stories of Colour Sergeants our prize short-story feature. We shall, therefore, give a ten-dollar bill to the comrade who will send us the most striking life story of a Corps Colour Sergeant.

A TEN DOLLAR BILL FOR FIVE HUNDRED WORDS.

A Colour Sergeant may write about himself, or any other comrade may write about him, but in every case where a comrade writes the story of the Corps Colour Sergeant, the M. S. S. must be initiated by the Colour-Sergeant.

All the stories must be in our hands by the 9th of September.

The subject of the story must be a trophy of Divine Grace, and a good example of a red-hot Salvationist.

Send in your story as soon as possible.

ACT UPON IT AT ONCE.

should be so glad. I'm all alone, and don't know a soul in the city."

The trained ear of the Staff-Captain detected that there was a quiver in the speaker's voice, and that she was trying hard to suppress her feelings. She knew instinctively that the young woman in front of her was passing through some period of sorrow, perhaps of tragedy.

"Yes, come in!" she answered, clasping the stranger by the hand and bidding her welcome. "It's rather late, but I think we can find you a spare bed."

The reader will have already guessed who this late visitor was. How it was that Irene Gordon came to stop outside an Army Home; how, in the moonlight and the stillness of the night, the gilt letters in front of the Home seemed to arrest her attention and draw her aside from committing the dark deed she had resolved upon; how, as she stood gazing, scarcely knowing why she had stopped or why she was looking in that direction, she had been overcome by a strange and irresistible desire to pull the bell and ask to be put up for the night, she did not precisely know. She had, so it seemed to her then, simply acted on the impulse of the moment. Later, when, under the influence of the Home, she took the Staff-Captain into her confidence and told her everything, she saw in it all the unmistakable hand of Providence.

Happily, there is a bright side to this story. Irene, who remained with her new-found Salvation friends until arrangements could be made to look after her child, was assisted by the Army into a good situation, in which, we have since learnt, she was giving every satisfaction. Better still, she was engaged to be married to a promising young fellow, of splendid character, who knew the whole sad story of her blunder, but who loved her nevertheless.

And Irene Gordon's story is only too tragically typical of hundreds, nay, thousands, of other women who have been snatched from death and worse by the Women's Social operations.—Social Gazette.

PROMOTED TO GLOR Y.

(Continued from page 12.)

a triumphant faith in the "Blood of the Lamb."

Our sister leaves a husband and two daughters to mourn their sad loss. One of the latter is C. C. Laura Reid, a true and faithful little girl. She was always a joy and comfort to her suffering mother. I trust that all Juniors will be as faithful to their mothers as Laura was. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.—P. S. Sanbury.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

(Continued From Page 2.)

the same career. Can rum have a stronger arraignment?

"A falsehood which dies hard is the idea that stimulants of whatever kind actually give strength, and are necessary for the maintenance of health and vigour. Such is not the case, and the well-worn comparison that they are the whip and spur, and not the corn and grass, is strictly accurate. Anything accomplished under the influence of stimulants is repeated, at the expense of the constitution."—Sir W. Broadbent, M.D., etc.

"It was formerly thought that alcohol was in some way antagonistic to tuberculous disease, but the observations of late years indicate clearly that the reverse is the case, and that chronic drinkers are much more liable to both acute and pulmonary tuberculosis."—Professor Osler, Principles and Practice of Medicine.

When Children Travel.

As many parents know, it is a very trying thing to have young children a long train journey. If the following were observed, however, of the ill-effects of travel be prevented:

The children should be compelled to remain sitting the time, but should be allowed to stand and move about as much as possible.

Now and then they should be taken down with a pillow under their head, if only for the sake of rest to their eyes. It is a mistake to let a child look out of the window for a long time at stretch, as the rapid movement of past objects quickly tires the brain.

Another source of mischief is the bad air, and it is better to keep the windows a little open, even at night, than to produce the extreme weariness that results from closed windows.

At every age children should be much from thirst on a railway journey, and something should always be taken for them. It depends on the water supply of the train, and not at all on the general cup. Sweets and cakes are great provokers of thirst. These ought not to be taken on a journey, but instead plain water biscuits, bread and butter, or simple sandwiches with some fruit.

A Hotter Sun than Ours.

Meteorologists say that the heat waves of England and America are unconnected with each other, and the fact that places so far apart as Russia, England, and America suffered simultaneously from the heat may be due to some disturbance in the sun. However slight, any such disturbance would mean a great deal to us, even at a distance of 95 million miles, for the sun is over a hundred times our diameter, and of such power as to control Neptune, a much bigger planet, two billion miles further off than we are.

There are bigger suns than ours, however, and among them is Arcturus, visible in the western half of the southern sky and easily distinguished in the twilight on account of its rusty or orange colour.

Arcturus is a star of the first magnitude, and probably the most powerful sun visible from the earth, giving from 1,000 to 3,000 times as much light as the sun. If placed where our sun is, Venus and the earth, we are told, would melt like snowflakes at the mouth of a furnace, and even far away Neptune would swelter in a torrid heat.

Furthermore, one is assured by astronomers that the proximity of such a mass would load the air with asphyxiating fumes, comparable to those given off by a lump of white iron of 375 million tons, and ear splitting explosions, roarings, screechings, tearings, and what not would accompany the appalling conflict of elements comprising the great luminary. That such will be the end of the earth is predicted by Peter in his Epistle when he says "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

ENVOY BREWER BROWN
will visit
BROCKVILLE, SEPT. 2, 3, and 4

Scripture Texts and Mottoes

We have just received a consignment, with many new and unique designs. For beautifying the Home and decorating the Hall they are hard to beat.



No. 520. My Refuge.

15c each. Size 9 1/4 by 7. Corded. Colored bevelled edges. A new series of Emblematic Designs, printed in bold Chromo Lithography. Texts in Silver. TEXTS.—1. Teach me Thy way O Lord. 2. Our help is in the name of the Lord. 3. Lead me in the way everlasting. 4. In God have I put my trust

No. 496. Songs of Praise.



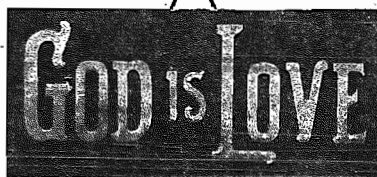
25c each. Size 11 1/4 by 7 1/4. Corded. A new series of Bird Designs, in white ornamental Panel, on imitation Velvet, designs aerographed in natural colors. Texts in white letters. TEXTS.—1. As for me and my house we will serve the Lord. 2. The Lord hath been mindful of us. 3. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. 4. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

No. 478. Art Velvet.



25c each. Size 12 by 9 1/4. Corded. A series of fine floral designs, highly embossed and beautifully aerographed on imitation velvet cardboard. Texts in white letters. Very effective. TEXTS.—1. Commit thy way unto the Lord. 2. Thou wilt show me the path of life. 3. Teach me to do Thy will. 4. The Lord hath been mindful of us.

Imitation Plush.



Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Brown, and Mauve. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. 35c each. TEXTS.—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.

No. 495. Strength by the Way.

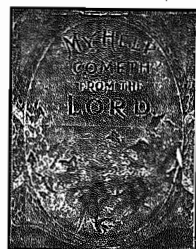


40c each. Size 19 by 12. Corded. A striking novelty. New series of Embossed Floral Designs on duplex Imitation Velvet, with embossed frame. Designs beautifully colored. Texts in White Letters. TEXTS.—1. As thy days, so shall thy strength be. 2. My grace is sufficient for thee. 3. He giveth grace unto the lowly. 4. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.

Imitation Plush.



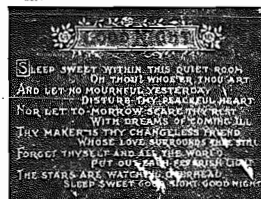
Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Mauve, and Brown. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. 35c each. TEXTS.—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.



No. 521. My help cometh from the Lord.

15c each. Size 9 1/4 by 7 1/4. FLORAL SHIELDS. Corded. Colored bevelled edges. Effective Floral Designs printed in full colors, in ornamental shield shape. Texts in silver. TEXTS: 1. Be not afraid only believe. 2. Cast thy burden upon the Lord. 3. My help cometh from the Lord. 4. Lead me in Thy truth and teach me.

No. 497. "Our Life" Series.



25c each. Corded. Size 12 by 9 1/4. New series of verse cards on Imitation Velvet. Verses in White Letters. Something quite new. This number contains the ever-popular Imitation Velvet series of which so many thousands have been sold. 1. Our Life. 2. Good Night.

No. 502. Poppies and Tulips.



20c each. Size 10 1/4 by 6 3/4. Corded. A beautiful series of Text Cards on Imitation Velvet, with delicately tinted designs and fine Landscapes in Pan 1. Texts in White Letters. This makes a very charming card. TEXTS.—1. My presence shall go with thee. 2. Certainly I will be with thee. 3. My grace is sufficient for thee. Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Give Me a Heart, 32, C & Bb; Nativity 51; Song-Book, No. 397.

- 1 Give me a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the Blood
So freely spill for me!
A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death
can part
From Him that dwells within.
Thy nature, gracious Lord, im-
part.
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my
heart.
Thy new best name of Love.

Pi'a'se.

Tunes.—Crown Him, 300; Song-Book, No. 345.

- 2 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Let every kindred, every tribe,
All nations great and small,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Crown Him, ye martyrs of our
God
Who from His altar call:
Extol the power of Jesus' blood,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Oh, that with yonder sacred
throne
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Salvation

Tunes.—Mercy still for thee, 49;
Haste away to Jesus, 36,
Song-Book 50.

- 3 O wanderer, knowing not the
smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace;
To thee Jehovah's voice doth
sound
Thy soul He wants to free:
Thy Saviour hath a ransom
found.
There's mercy still for thee.
For thee, though sunk in deep
despair,
Thy Saviour's blood was shed:
He for thy sins was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou mayst find, poor sin-
sick soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what
wondrous love!
There's mercy still for thee.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR.

Assisted by Captain Watkinson
and the Men Cadets, will conduct
the Harvest Festival Services at
WEST TORONTO, SEPT 16 & 17

MAJOR CAMERON

will visit

SIMCOE SEPT. 23 and 24.

HAMILTON I. SILVER BAND

will visit

THE TEMPLE, SEPT. 2, 3, & 4th.
(Labor Day.)

THE TORONTO ANNUAL CONGRESS

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE DATES FIXED FOR THE CONGRESS ARE

October 11th to 17th, inclusive.

MRS.

Bramwell Booth

AND

Commissioner & Mrs. REES

IN COMMAND

Assisted by **COL. and MRS. MAPP** and **LEADING OFFICERS**

.. PROGRAMME ..

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11th, PUBLIC WELCOME to

MRS. BOOTH IN THE **MASSEY HALL**

at 8 p.m.

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Oct. 12 and 13,
OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14th 8 p.m., SOLDIERS'
COUNCIL IN THE TEMPLE.

Sunday, October 15th,
in the Massey Hall,

MRS. BOOTH

at 3 p.m. will deliver

A SOCIAL LECTURE

and at 7 p.m. will speak.

HOLINESS MEETING IN THE TEMPLE at 11 a.m.

Special Railroad Rates to Toronto and return by securing Standard
Certificate from Local Ticket Agent.

FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

THE COMMISSIONER'S ENGAGEMENTS.

THE COMMISSIONER

Assisted by Lieut.-Col. Pugmire,
Brigs. Morehen and Potter,
Maj. Findlay, and other
Officers.

will conduct Services at
LISGAR STREET TENT
on Sunday, **AUGUST 27th,**
at 11 a.m., and 3 and 7 p.m.

THE COMMISSIONER

will conduct the Wedding
of **ENSIGN STITT, T.H.Q.,**
and **CAPT. COFIELD,** of
the Training Home Staff, in
the **TEMPLE,** on Monday,
AUGUST 28th, at 8 p.m.
Territorial Headquarters
Staff and Staff Band will be
present

THE COMMISSIONER

will conduct an important
SOLDIERS' COUNCIL in
the **TEMPLE,** Albert St.,
on Thursday, **OCTOBER 8,**
to which all the Soldiers of
the City are invited.

The Council will com-
mence at 8 p.m. sharp.

The Chief Secretary

assisted by

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE and
BRIGADIER POTIER
will conduct the wedding of
CAPTAIN ERNEST PUGMIRE,
of T. H. Q.,
and

CAPTAIN GRACE VICKERS,
of Berlin, Ont.,
at the **TEMPLE** on

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, at 8 p.m.
T. H. Q. Staff will be present.

STAFF BAND APPOINTMENTS.

**THE TERRITORIAL HEAD-
QUARTERS' STAFF BAND**
will be at the Temple on
THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, at 8 p.m.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS
(of London, England.)

Will Conduct Meetings

—at—
THE TEMPLE

—on—
SUNDAY, AUGUST 27th.

Colonel Gaskin and Brig. Bond
and a number of T.H.Q. Staff
will assist.

LISGAR STREET, TORONTO
TENT CAMPAIGN.

BRIGADIER BOND.

(assisted by the Editorial Staff)
SEPTEMBER 17th.

Sun., Sept. 3, Lt.-Col. Turner.

BRIGADIER POTTER

ACCOMPANIED BY THE RIV-
ERDALE BAND.

will visit

UNBRIDGE, ON SAT. AND SUN.,
SEPT. 2 AND 3.

Printed and Jobbed at The Salvation Army
Printing Department, 7, Toronto, Ont., by Brigadier
W. Scott Potter, Trade Secretary.
Subscription Prices—Ontario (East of Fort
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land: \$2.00 per annum. West of Fort William, The
United States and abroad: \$4.00 per annum.